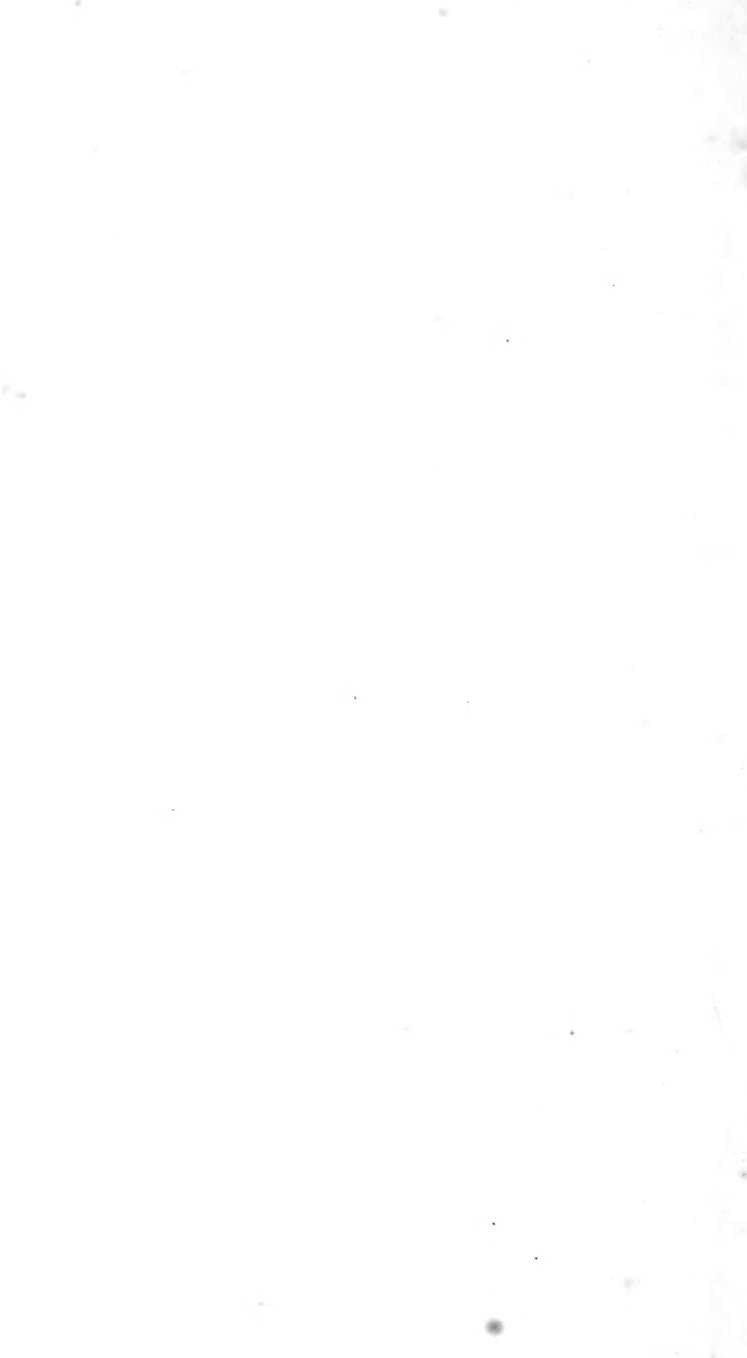


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Dear Sir, I have not yet





COLLECTED POEMS.

BY

SIR OSCAR OLIPHANT, Kt.

LONDON :

J. F. HOPE, 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST.

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1856

SIR OSCAR OLIPHANT

FEELS MUCH PRIDE AND PLEASURE

IN DEDICATING

THIS COLLECTION OF HIS FAVOURITE POETIC PIECES

TO HIS MOST VALUED FRIEND,

HERBERT WILLIAMS, ESQ.,

STINSFORD HOUSE, DORSET.



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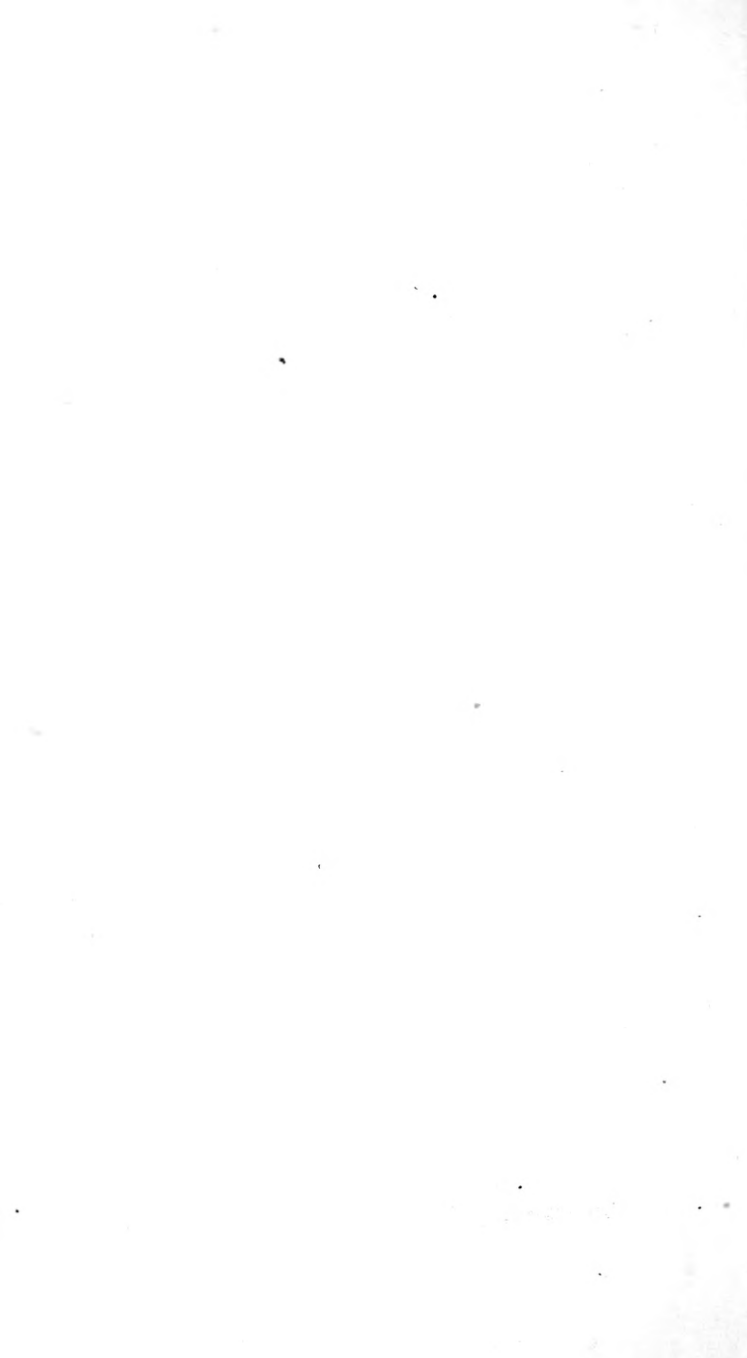
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NOTICE.

SIR OSCAR OLIPHANT desires to inform the reader that the poems contained in this volume have all been already published through various channels. But that Sir Oscar's partiality for these fugitive pieces has been always so great, the reader would not have been asked to judge of their merits in such form as they are now presented. No one has *requested* the collection or publication, and Sir Oscar hopes no one will regret it.



SIR OSCAR OLIPHANT'S

COLLECTED

POEMS.

THE ABDUCTION OF THE LADY GERTRUDE VON HOCHBURG.*

“ Boy! Saddle quick my Danish steed!

I rest not, I, until I ride:

These walls unsoul me—I would speed

Into the Farness wide!”

So spake Sir Carl, he scarce wist why,

With hurried voice and restless eye.

There haunted him some omen,

As ’t were, of slaying foemen.

Aneath the hoofs of that sw’rt barb,

The pebbles flew, the sparklets played;

When, lo! who nears him, sad of garb?

’Tis Gertrude’s weeping maid!

A thrill ran through the Ritter’s frame—

It shrivelled up his flesh like flame,

And shook him like an illness,

With flushing heat and chillness.

* This poem is indebted for its name and spirit to the celebrated German ballad of Burgër.

“ God shield you, master ! May you live
With health and gladness years on years !
My poor young lady—oh, forgive
A helpless woman’s tears !
But lost to you is Trudkin’s hand,
Through Freiherr Vorst from Pommerland ;
That drooping flower her father
Hath sworn that Vorst shall gather !

“ ‘ By this bright battle-steel, if thou
But think on Carl,’ ’twas thus he said,
‘ Down shalt thou to the dungeon low,
Where toads shall share thy bed !
Nor will I rest morn, noon, or night,
Till I have borne him down in fight,
And torn out, soon or later,
The heart of the false traitor !’

“ The bride is in her chamber now :
What can she do but weep and sigh ?
Dark sorrow dims her beauteous brow ;
She wishes but to die.
Ah, yes ! and she shall soon sleep well
Low in the sufferer’s last sad cell—
Soon will the death-bell’s knelling
A dolesome tale be telling !

“ ‘ Go, tell him I must surely die !’
Said she to me amid her tears ;
‘ Oh, tell him that my last goodbye
Is that which now he hears !
Go—God will guard you—go, and bring
To him from me this jewelled ring,
In token that his true-love
Chose death before a new love !’ ”

Like shock of sudden thunderpeal
These tidings cleave the Ritter's ear ;
The hills around him rock and reel,
The dim stars disappear ;
Thoughts wilder than the hurricane
Flash lightning through his frenzied brain,
And wake him to commotion,
As tempest waketh ocean.

“God's recompence, thou faithful one !
Thy words have strung my soul for war—
God's blessing on thee ! thou hast done
Thine errand well so far.
Now hie thee back, like mountain-deer,
And calm that trembling angel's fear ;
This arm is strong to save her
From tyrant and enslaver !

“Speed, maiden, speed ! the moments now
Are worth imperial gems and gold ;
Say that her knight has vowed a vow
That she shall ne'er be sold !
But bid her watch the starry Seven,
For when they shine I stand, please Heaven,
Before her casement-portal,
Come weal or woe immortal !

“Speed, maiden !” And, as chased by death,
Away, away the damsel flies ;
Sir Carl then paused a space for breath,
And rubbed his brow and eyes.
Then rode he to, and fro, and to,
While sparklets gleamed and pebbles flew,
Till thought's exasperation
Found vent in agitation.

Anon he winds his foray-horn,
And, wakeful to the welcome sound,
Come dashing down through corn and thorn
His vassals miles around ;
To whom, each man apart, in ear
He whispers, " When again you hear
This horn wake wood and valley,
Be ready for a sally ! "

Night now lay dark, with dews and damps,
On castled hill and liliated vale ;
In Hochburg's lattices the lamps
Were waning dim and pale,
And Gertrude, mindless of the gloom,
Sat pondering in her lonesome room,
With many a saddening presage,
Her lover's bodeful message.

When, list ! what accents, low, yet clear,
Thrill to her heart with sweet surprise ?
" Ho, Trudkin, love ! thy knight is near—
Quick, up ! Awake ! Arise !
'Tis I, thy Carl, who call to thee ;
Come forth, come out, and fly with me !
The westering moon gives warning
That night is now nigh morning. "

" Ah, no, my Carl ! it may not be ;
Wrong not so far thy stainless fame.
Were I to fly by night with thee,
Disgrace would brand my name.
Yet give me, give me one dear kiss,
I ask, I seek no other bliss
Than such a last love-token
Before I die heart-broken. "

“Nay, love, dread nothing. Shame or blame
Shall never come where thou hast flown!
I swear I hold thy name and fame
Far dearer than mine own.
Come! thou shalt find a home anon
Where wedlock’s bands shall make us one—
Come, sweet! Need’st fear no danger,
Thou trustest not a stranger!”

“But, Carl—my sire! thou know’st him well,
The proud Rix-baron!* Oh, return!
I tremble even now to tell
How fierce his wrath would burn!
Oh, he would track thee day and night,
And, thirsting to revenge the flight
Of his degenerate daughter,
Doom thee and thine to slaughter!”

“Hush, hush, dear love! this knightly crest
Will not, I trow, be soon disgraced.
Come forth, and fear not; east or west,
Where’er thou wilt—but haste!
And still those tell-tale sobs and tears;
The winds are out, the night hath ears,
The very stars that glisten
Begin to watch and listen!”

Alas, poor soul! How could she stand
Long wavering there in fitful doubt?
Up sprang Sir Carl—he caught her hand,
And drew her gently out;
Yet never on a purer pair
Than that bold knight and maiden fair
Did look the starry legions
Whose march is o’er earth’s regions.

* Reichsbaron, a Baron of the Empire.

Near, in the faint grey haze of morn,
They saw the steed ; the Ritter swung
His lovely burden up ; his horn
Around his neck he slung ;
Then lightly leaped, himself, behind,
And swift sped both as winter wind,
Till Hochburg in the glimmer
Of dawn grew dim and dimmer.

But, ah ! even Ritter-love may fear
To breast the lion in his lair !
A menial in a chamber near
Had overheard the pair ;
And, hungering for such golden gains
As might requite his treacherous pains,
He sent out through the darkness
A shout of thrilling starkness.

“ What ho, Herr Baron ! Ho ! Holloa !
Up, up from sleep ! out, out from bed !
Your child has fled to shame and woe
With one you hate and dread,
The Ritter Carl of Wolfenhain !
They speed asteed o’er dale and plain—
Up, if you would recover
The lady from her lover !”

Whoop-holloa ! Whoop ! Through saal and hall,
Through court, and fort, and donjon-keep,
Eftsoons rang loud the baron’s call,
“ What ho ! Rouse, all, from sleep !
Ho, Freiherr Vorst, up, up ! Must know
The bride has hied to shame and woe
With Carl the Wolfenhainer.
Up ! arm ! We must regain her.”

Swift speed the pair through morning's damp,
When, hark ! what shouts teem down the wind ?
Hark ! hark ! the thunderstamp and tramp
Of horses' hoofs behind.
And, like a tempest, o'er the plain,
Dashed Freiherr Vorst with trailing rein,
And curses deep and bitter
Upon the flying Ritter.

"Halt, midnight robber ! halt, I say,
Thou burglar—thief of bone-and-blood !
Halt, knave ! Thy felon corse ere day
Shall serve the crow for food.
And thou, false woman ! by what right
Art here ? I tell thee that this flight
Will henceforth, as a trumpet,
Proclaim thee for a strumpet !"

"Thou liest, Vorst of Pommerain !
Thou liest in thy leprous throat !
Pure as yon moon in heaven from stain
Is she on whom I doat.
Sweet love ! I must dismount to teach
The slanderous wretch discreeter speech.
Down, thou who durst belie her—
Down from thy steed, vile Freiherr !"

Ah ! then, I ween, did Gertrude feel
Her sick heart sink with pain and dread ;
Meanwhile the foemen's bare bright steel
Flashed in the morning red ;
With clash and crash, with flout and shout,
Rang shrill the echoes round about,
And clouds of dust rose thicker
As clangorous blows fell quicker.

Like lightning's wrath came down at length
The Ritter's broadsteel on his foe,
And Vorst lay stripped of sword and strength :
When, oh—undreamt-of woe !
The Baron's wild moss-trooping train,
Who, roused at midnight's hour, had ta'en
Brief time to arm and follow,
Rode up with whoop and holloa !

Yet fear no ill to Ritter Carl—

Hark ! *Trah-rah-rah* ! he winds his horn,
And ten-score men in mailed apparel
Sweep down through corn and thorn.
“ So, Baron ! there—how sayest thou now ?
Ay ! frown again with darker brow,
But these be *my* retainers,
These iron Wolfenhainers.

“ Pause ere thou leave true lovers lorn !
Remorse may wring thy soul too late !
Thy child and I long since have sworn
To share each other's fate :
But wilt thou part us ? wilt thou brave
Thy daughter's curse when in her grave ?
So be it ! On ! I care not !
I, too, can slay and spare not !

“ Yet, hold ! one other course is thine—
A worthier course, a nobler choice,
Mayest blend thy daughter's weal with mine,
Mayest bid us both rejoice :
Give, Baron, give me Trudkin's hand !
Heaven's bounty gave me gold and land,
And calumny can touch on
No blot on my escutcheon !”

Alas, poor Gertrude ! Who can tell
Her agony of hope and fear,
As, like a knell, each full word fell
Upon her anxious ear ?
She cast herself in tears to earth,
She wrung her hands till blood gushed forth—
She tried each fond entreaty
To move her sire to pity.

“ O father, for the love of Heaven,
Have mercy on your child ! Forgive,
Even as you look to be forgiven !
A guilty fugitive
I am not ! If I fled from one
Whom still I cannot choose but shun
As ruffian-like and hateful,
Oh, call me not ungrateful !

“ Think, think how in my childhood’s days
You used to take me on your knee,
And sing me old romantic lays,
Which yet are dear to me !
You called me then your hope, your pride ;
Oh, father, cast not now aside
Those hallowed recollections—
Crush not your child’s affections.”

Oh, mighty nature ! how at last
Thou conquerest all of Adam’s race !
The Baron turned away and passed
One hand across his face—
He felt his eyes grow moist and dim,
And tears were such a shame in him,
Whose glory lay in steeling
His bosom against feeling.

But all in vain ! a thousand spears
Pierce in each word his daughter speaks ;
In vain ! the pent-up floods of years
Roll down the warrior's cheeks ;
And now he raises up his child,
And kisses o'er and o'er her mild
Pale face of angel-meekness,
With all a father's weakness !

“ My child ! I may have seemed severe ;
Well, God forgive me, as I now
Forgive thee also freely here
All bypast faults ! And thou,
My son, come hither ! ”—and the Knight
Obeyed, all wonder and delight—
“ Since love bears no repressing,
Mayest have her with my blessing !

“ Why carry to a vain excess
The enmities of life's short span ?
Forgiveness and forgetfulness
Are what man owes to man.
What though thy sire was long my foe,
And wrought me wrong ? Since he lies low
Where lie the best and bravest,
Peace to him in his clay-vest !

“ Come ! all shall soon be well once more,
For, with our feuds, our cares will cease
And Heaven has rich rewards in store
For those who cherish peace.
Come, children ! this day ends our strife ;
Clasp hands !—there ! May your path of life
Be henceforth strewn with roses ! ”—
And here the ballad closes.

THE FOUR GENII.

COLUMBIA, genius of the western clime,
 Sat all alone on Andes' brow sublime—
 On Chimborazo, whence, with conscious pride,
 She viewed her realms outspread from tide to tide.
 From east to west, from froze to torrid zone,
 She claimed the countless kingdoms as her own.
 She gazed around, with fond maternal smile,
 Upon her gentle sons devoid of guile,
 Who, varied as their clime, law, garb might be,
 Were in one point united—all were free.
 Some, as the voice of simple nature bade,
 From shore to shore in quest of pasture strayed;
 Some, more advanced in cultivation's road,
 In cities held their permanent abode;
 O'er which proud Mexico, 'neath sway serene
 Of gentle Montezuma, peered the queen.
 With warm emotion of a mother's breast,
 She saw her simple sons—she saw and blessed. [cried,
 "Thank Heaven!" with grateful heart Columbia
 "Behold my children blest from tide to tide!
 No hand of violence assails their shore;
 Happy and free, they want, they wish no more!"
 She spake, and now upon th' Atlantic blue,
 From Chimborazo's height her glance she threw,

When in the far horizon rose to sight
A snow-white speck, 'twixt wave and welkin bright.
She knew how vast the distance o'er the deep
Ranged by her eye from that stupendous steep,
She else might deem that speck a snow-white dove,
Perched on the sunlit billows from above,
Type of that peace whose unmolested reign
Spread o'er her happy realms from main to main.
But no ; the distance whence that speck was seen
Forbade the hope that 'twas that type serene—
Assured her that some form of giant size
Had in the far horizon caught her eyes.
Her inmost frame mysterious tremors shook,
She dropped her glance, the smile her brow forsook ;
For ne'er upon the circling waters' breast
Had she till now seen other form impressed
Than bird, or fish, or Indian's light canoe,
Which tempted ne'er the ocean's distant blue.
With downcast eye full many an hour she spent
In feverish musings on this strange portent,
And when she mainward raised her glance again,
Darkness had wrapped each object from her ken.
Unmoved she kept, throughout night's silent hour,
Her lonely watch on Chimborazo's tower.
The tiny snow-white speck on ocean's brim
Still scared her memory, like a spectre grim,
The tear unbidden stole from her dark eye,
The caves of Andes echoed to her sigh.
And soon as o'er the Atlantic ocean's bed
The orient Phœbus reared his ray-crowned head,
She eastward looked, and, breathless with surprise,
Saw the white speck now swelled to giant size !
(Though distant still full many a league, 'twas nigh
To telescopic compass of her eye ;

For eyes of genii o'er the deep are thrown
To distances to human sight unknown.)
A monstrous bird at the first glance it seemed,
Whose snow-white wings with Sol's first radiance
The streamers of the deathless Genoese [beamed.
Were gaily flaunting in the morning breeze;
Near and more near the fatal Pinta * bore
Towards the fair isle, since styled San Salvador.

But lo! Columbia's soul, at Heaven's desire,
Was straight pervaded with prophetic fire;
Wrapped into future times th' indignant dame
Saw fall 'neath *Christian* gun, and sword, and flame,
Her guileless sons, till on their native plains
No vestige of an Indian tribe remains;
Saw that the form which in the offing rode
Was but a ship with cruel Spaniards stowed
Who, by Columbus led, had crossed the wave,
And would the way for rest of Europe pave.
The genius hurried to a mountain cell,
And, raged with more than sibyl's frenzy, fell;
All vainly flocked the minor fays around
To soothe the spell wherewith their queen was bound.
Impervious she to comfort as the grot—
As Rachel's bosom, since her sons were not.

Chafed by the presence of the officious train,
Whose consolations did but mock her pain,
She left the grotto, and from Andes' brow
She watched again the Pinta's landward prow,
Scarce was she seated, when a gilded cloud,
O'erhead suspended, oped its shining shroud,
And to her view disclosed a form in white,
Who, quick descending, by her side did light.

* The leading ship in Columbus's squadron.

It was a dame of meretricious air,
With artificial flowers bedecked her hair,
Her brow was with a wreath of diamonds bound ;
Round her soft neck a ruby collar wound ;
From either ear a golden pendant hung ;
Wide round her form were scented odours flung ;
With jewelled rings were braced her fingers white ;
Her polished limbs in ermine robe bedight.
“ Weep not, Columbia,” gently cried the dame ;
“ I know thy griefs : Europa is my name.
Moved by thy tears, I hurried o’er the main,
To tell thee, sister, that those tears are vain.
Yon bark, which from the offing shoreward bends,
No ill to thee or to thy sons portends.
I genius am of Europe’s goodly land—
Yon gallant bark has sailed at my command ;
Not to affright the echoes of thy shore
With tramp of Mars, with grim Bellona’s roar ;
Not to unloose on thy defenceless sons
The sulph’rous thunder of yon brazen guns—
Oh, no ! my bloodless aim it is to share
With thee and with thy sons the blessings rare
Which spring from womb of polished life alone,
For ages past by Europe’s children known.
'Tis o’er thy favoured land to spread the charms
Of letters, sciences, and arts, and arms ;
Thence to expel dark superstition’s mist,
And on its ruins rear the reign of Christ.
Yon gallant bark, which in the offing rides, [glides.”
With blessings freighted, towards thy children

She spake—her accents to the wind were thrown,
For to Columbia’s soul the future shown
Told that the words which from Europa fell

Would, in the sequel, prove as false as hell.
And so she in her inmost soul believed
The speaker was deceiving or deceived.
But ere her lips were opened for reply,
Behold ! a sudden darkness wrapped the sky ;
From pole to pole the deep-mouthed thunder rung ;
O'erhead a cloud as black as midnight hung,
From which forked lightning's quick precursive glare
Warned of the coming peal the affrighted air.
At length the cloud was with convulsions dire
Asunder rent, and from its womb of fire,
Swift as the lightning's flash a sable form,
Descending on the pinions of the storm,
On Chimborazo made its footing good,
And by Europa and Columbia stood.
A scarf, whose rugged texture seemed entwined
Of the tough fibres of the cocoa rind,
Was heedlessly across her shoulders cast,
And scantily screened her members from the blast.
Black, woolly curls, by hand of nature spread,
Were the sole garniture that graced her head ;
Her hue was sable as the thunder-cloud,
Which dropped her earthward from its bursting
Responsive to the flashes of the sky, [shroud.
Hot anger beamed from her indignant eye.
'Neath her dark skin in boiling current flowed
The blood which fain upon her cheek had glowed,
But which, by nature's law, that vent denied,
Rolled inward with a still intenser tide.

Europa and Columbia stood aghast,
Between them looks of silent horror passed.
Scarce was the Negress' foot on earth impressed,
When thus the meek Columbia she addressed :

“Fear not, Columbia; Libya is my name;
Against yon traitress common cause we claim!
On that black cloud, from whence I came, I call
In red-hot vengeance on her head to fall!
Beware, too simple sister, how thou heed
The brazen lies which from her lips proceed;
Spurn to the winds her oily words of guile,
Whose only voucher is her harlot-smile!
Of late prophetic visions to my soul
Have oped the future’s wonder-teeming scroll,
And shown the lengthened catalogue of woe
Which thou and I will to Europa owe—
How, ’neath the banner of the cross unfurled,
Her sons shall desolate thy new-found world—
How, from Pacific to Atlantic flood,
Thy land shall roll a tide of Indian blood,
Until, at length, thine eye shall seek in vain
One lingering vestige of the harmless train.
Such are thy wrongs. But, oh! how deep are mine,
Yea, deeper in the scale of guilt than thine!
Huge monsters of the main, like that which now
Is urging towards thine isle its daring prow,
Will sail from Europe to my palmy shore,
And send thy scouts my regions to explore; [guns,
Who, armed with dirks, and swords, and roaring
With lawless hands shall seize upon my sons,
And from their last embrace shall roughly fling
Their wives and babes, who frantic round them cling,
By force shall drag them from their native shore,
Upon its palm-crowned cliffs to gaze no more—
Shall stow them in the vessel’s fetid hold,
And sell them in thy torrid isles for gold!
There shall they water with their blood the soil,
At which beneath the driver’s lash they toil.

This hell-sprung traffic shall insult the skies,
Till Wilberforce the negro's friend shall rise,
And broach the glorious plan, whose end shall be
To set my children from their bondage free!
Such the dark tissue of Europa's crimes,
Revealed me in the web of future times;
Again I summon yonder thunder-cloud,
To wrap the traitress in its sulph'rous shroud!"

So Libya spake—but, at her fierce desire,
The thunder-cloud discharged no bolt of fire;
But sudden vanished, drawing in its train
The storm which harassed earth, and sky, and main.
In the still vaults now hung a cloud o'erhead,
Like that from whose bright folds Europa sped.
It oped, and earthward from its dazzling sheen
A matron dropped, of grave, commanding mien,
Who, ere Europa could reply command
To Libya's words, did with the trio stand.
So far as years of genii can be traced,
She seemed in age far o'er her sisters placed,
Yet time had failed her beauty to deface;
Her every look was dignity and grace.
An unbedizen'd robe of snow-white lawn
Round her majestic form was loosely drawn.
Her auburn locks, which asked no aid of gem,
Of native ringlets weaved her diadem.
"Sisters," she cried, "let these heart-burnings cease;
Pacific waves I've crossed to make your peace!
My name is Asia, genius of the clime
Which highest stands upon the roll of time.
He with whose birth was race of man begun,
Adam, the lord of Eden, was my son.

While then I speak, my age superior claims
Respectful hearing from my sister dames.

“ We, then, the genii to whom earth is given,
Must all plead guilty at the bar of heaven.
All have been sinners—all betrayed their trust—
All should repent in ashes and in dust.
I most of all, since 'twas my daughter Eve
Who first on earth did Satan's bait receive ;
And from that source of disobedience flow
Perennial tides of human sin and woe.
I most, since by my impious sons was slain
The Son of God, who wooed their hearts in vain.
I most, since my ungrateful sons despised
Redemption's plan, by gracious Heaven devised,
And forced th' apostles from my faithless shore
To Europe to transfer the Gospel lore.

“ Next in the scale of guilt Europa stands,
Since faithless to the Gospel's high commands
Her sons have proved, for many a bygone age,
And still shall prove in history's future page.

“ You, Libya and Columbia, whom to guide
The Gospel was by Providence denied,
Stand lower in the scale of guilt than we ;
Yet are not thus from heavy charges free.
The laws of nature which you both professed,
Have, by your savage sons, been sore transgressed.

“ But though, to Libya's and Columbia's soul,
For many an age is oped the future's scroll,
That sacred tome on which our hope depends,
Far deeper in the womb of time extends,

And bids us, genii of the earth, exult,
In prospect of the final grand result,
When sin shall cease, nations shall war no more,
And Christ shall rule supreme from shore to shore."

While yet she spake, her boats the Pinta manned,
Which, led by bold Columbus, neared the strand.
For the next harbour they impatient made,
With colours to the orient beam displayed,
With martial music and such bright display
As Mars wraps round him in the battle fray.
And as they neared the new-discovered coast,
They saw 'twas covered with a native host.
But no dread purposes of blood combined
The simple groups who thus the margin lined.
The curious sight had drawn them to the strand,
To see the rareshow that made for land.
With many an antie gesture they expressed
The trilling wonder of each savage breast.
And now Columbus, 'neath Spain's flag unfurled,
Jumped from his barge upon the new-found world.
Dread plunge, Columbus, Europe's daring son!
The western world's primeval course is run.

Soon as the hero set his foot on land,
He straight was followed by his sailor band.
Low on the beach they fell, with bended knee;
All kissed the shore which all had prayed to see.
The cross they next erected on a mound,
And ranged in an adoring circle round,
They humbly praised the Majesty Divine,
For the bright issue of their vast design.
Then praying for the mother country's weal,
They, for the crown of Leon and Castile,

Took solemn seisin of the new domain, [plain ;
Which crowned their search beyond th' Atlantic
This isle which first they reached, Columbus claimed
As God's first-fruits, and San Salvador named.

When round the cross the sister genii saw
The Spaniards kneeling with adoring awe,
Asia exclaimed, " On Chimborazo's brow,
Come, sisters, kneel, and join the solemn vow ;
And pray we God to haste the glorious day
When Christ shall hold on earth unrivalled sway,
When, war's red banners furled, yon cross alone
Shall to the breeze of heaven be open thrown—
From north to south, from west to morning's birth,
Shall wave the flag of universal earth—
Crown the four giant summits of the world ;
On Himalaya, Andes, Atlas, Alps, unfurled."

She spake, and, softened by her counsels sage,
Her sister genii dropped their idle rage,
And while Columbus, on the beach beneath,
In ear of Heaven his thankful prayer did breathe,
High in the clouds on Chimborazo's brow,
The sister genii echoed back the vow ;
And soon as ceased the orison sublime,
Each flew in peace to her respective clime.

THE RINGDOVE.

WHY art thou flown, my gentle dove,
 The nestling I have reared ?
 Who cares for thee in yon wild grove
 As I for thee have cared ?
 No parent bird is there to teach
 Thy callow wing to range ;
 Thou'lt sit among yon sunless beech,
 And sadly feel the change.

When golden gleams of summer bright
 O'er wild and forest lay,
 And the wilderness in leafy light
 Stretched greenly far away,
 With airy gaze I saw thee ken
 Thy native woodland scene,
 And thy mother's savage instinct then
 Came wildly o'er thy mien.

That love of shadowy space and height,
 Blue heaven and branching tree,
 The ivied roost, the soaring flight
 So fleet and sorrow free—
 At once, my bird, thy wish I caught,
 As true as words can tell,
 Full oft I've dreamed the same wild thought—
 My spirit knew it well.

In thought, on wing like thine, full oft
I've yearned to mount away
Through yonder bright blue fields aloft
In pure and glorious day,
To pass unquestioned, and at will,
O'er forest, mountain, lake :
I knew thy wish, my bird, and still
I loved thee for its sake.

But, ah ! too soon thy youngling eyes
Were turned by yon false glow,
The surface sunniness that lies
O'er dim, cold shades below :
Thou err'dst, as they who fondly dream
Beneath the parent roof
Of joys and new delights that seem
Gay gleaming from aloof.

Deceived by each false outward grace
And glory of the scene ;
The mask of smiles on every face
Where the heart is not serene ;
The flatteries on many a tongue
When coldness lurks beneath
Life's pomp—the specious laurel hung
O'er sorrow, strife, and death.

Oh ! bird forlorn, in yon fair wild
Perched darkly and alone,
Art thou as is the truant child
Who grieveth to have flown ?
Art thou as they who seek around
Each promise flattery bore,
While day by day new griefs are found—
A home, alas, no more ?

There shall wild creatures of thy kind
 With sounding pinion sweep,
Like blue-winged couriers of the wind,
 The chequering leafy steep,
And then thou'lt lift thy drooping head
 With sad surprise : alas,
Thou hast not learned, all wings are spread
 From want and woe to pass.

Thou'lt hunger there at evenfall,
 And none will bring thee food ;
And long and low thy querulous call
 Will sadden the dark wood.
Thou'lt turn to catch some friendly sound
 As lingering hours go by,
And cast with mournful glance around
 Thy timid, wistful eye.

The hawk, with martial plumery,
 So gallant and so gay,
Shall find thee on thine orphan tree
 An unresisting prey.
The pie, the raven, for their own
 Shall mark thy friendless life—
To such is pity ever shown
 In this world of care and strife?

There is for thee no help, no stay,
 Till death relieve thy woe ;
Till sun, or storm, or foe shall lay
 Thy fainting body low.
Perchance thy hapless relics then,
 All scattered, stained, and few,
Shall meet the friendly eye again
 That watched them as they grew.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
 That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
 When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
 We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,
 And rattles on the raised latch-pin ;
 "God save you kindly," quick replies
 A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,
 A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;
 Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
 Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
 For all the way to Glenmalure
 Her mother had that morning gone
 And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
 The shame that startled virgins feel,
 Could make the generous girl forget
 Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us, in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme!

And, while we ate the grateful food
(With weary limbs on bench relined),
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought—we stood and pledged
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

“The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary—bless those budding charms!—
Than your own generous heart, I’m sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms!”

She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen;
But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign;
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile;
She stooped, she blushed—she fixed her wheel—
’Tis all in vain, she can’t but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek—
The rosy cheek that won't be still !
Oh who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill ?

For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again !

THE WHITE LADY.*

LADY with the pale white brow,
 Against the haunted tree reclining,
 Thy robes are in the moonlight shining.
 Spirit or shadow, what art thou?
 Tell me, spirit, tell me where
 Dost thou dwell, on earth or in air?
 Did the moonbeams give thee birth?
 For thou seemest not of earth.
 That brow so pale, and that robe so white,
 Is hidden by day, but revealed at night.
 Is the sun too bright for thee,
 That its rising makes thee flee?
 What's yon tree to thee or thine,
 That thine arms so fondly twine
 Round its trunk, as round a lover
 Earthly maid would fondly hover?
 Sure some object lingers there,
 That thus claims thy tenderest care;
 That could bring thee from the tomb,
 Thus to watch where flowrets bloom;

* In a garden near the village of Blessington, in the county of Wicklow, there flourishes a large thorn tree, under the shade of which, it is said, a beautiful lady, robed in white, is seen to stand in the moonlight.

Sure some ghostly lover's sighs
Waken all thy sympathies—
As thy bloodless cheek caressing,
And thy long white fingers pressing,
Cheek, and lip, and heart, and eye,
They are cold, but still reply—
For such love can never die.

Beautiful thou art, I ween,
Far too bright for mortal een—
As the moonbeams round enfold thee,
How I tremble to behold thee.
Oh! that robe of dazzling whiteness
Robs my heart of all its brightness—
For thou art not kindred earth,
But a spirit without birth;
And my pulses wildly flutter
Lest some spell thy voice should utter,
That might freeze my throbbing heart—
Ha! I leave thee with a start.

EXPECTATION.*

WAS it the latch that was stirred, or the wicket that open swung?

No—'twas but the breeze I heard, which sighs yon poplar trees among.

Thou green and leafy bower, be new arrayed;

To-day the loveliest fair shall bless thy sight;

Ye branches twine and form a cooling shade,

And cast o'er all the scene a gentle night.

And ye, too, zephyrs! sport around the maid,

And fan her cheek with fluttering pinions light,

When her fair form is borne along the grove,

With footsteps light, to seek the bower of love.

Hark! through the thicket is heard a sound rushing loudly and near—

No—'tis but the startled bird fluttering in the brake I hear.

Oh! quench thy torch, bright day, and thou arise,

In gentle silence, calm mysterious night!

And spread thy purple mantle o'er the skies—

With friendly branches shade us from the sight.

Far from the listener's ear love timid flies,

And hates the gaudy day's rude glaring light;

Let none but Hesperus, with twinkling eye,

In silence gaze from out the darkening sky.

* This piece has been almost literally translated from Schiller.

Are there not soft voices near, that, whispering, the silence break ?

No—'tis but the swan I hear, which, ruffling, cleaves the silver lake.

Mine ear drinks in a harmony divine ;
The fountain falls with sweetly-gushing sound ;
The flowers to zephyr's kiss their heads incline ;
While every creature seems rejoicing round.
And where the peach lies hid in leaves, the vine
Embracing, hangs with clustering foliage crowned ;
While o'er my burning cheek the breezes play,
And breathing perfume steal the glow away.

Are there not steps bounding free that rustle the leaves as they tread ?

No—'tis from the neighbouring tree the ripe and golden fruit is shed.

And now is closed the flaming eye of day
In soft repose ; and pale are all his rays.
While boldly open in the twilight grey
Those chalice'd flowers that hate his gaudy blaze.
And while the beaming moon glides on her way,
The earth seems half-dissolved beneath her gaze ;
While lovely nature stretched before me lies,
And every beauty meets my wondering eyes.

Is it a form I see move, in silken robes, glistening and white ?

No—'tis from yon cypress grove a marble column gleaming white.

Thou longing heart, be calm—thy transport spare ;
'Tis but of fancied bliss thou art possessed ;
Those arms which should enfold her clasp the air ;
No dream of joy can cool my burning breast.

Oh ! let her stand before me living here,
And let me feel her soft hand in mine pressed,
Or of her mantle catch a passing gleam.
Then o'er his senses stole the illusive dream—

When as sudden descends from above, all unhopèd-for, the
moment of bliss,
So lightly she treads through the grove, and awakes her
beloved with a kiss !

O MARIA, REGINA MISERICORDIÆ ! *

THERE lived a knight long years ago,
 Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.
 Of God above, or hell below,
 He took no thought, but, undismayed,
 Pursued his course of wickedness.

His heart was rock ; he never prayed
 To be forgiven for all his treasons ;
 He only said, at certain seasons,
 “ O Mary, Queen of Mercy ! ”

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
 Still draining pleasure’s poison-bowl ;
 Yet felt he now and then some shame ;
 The torment of the undying worm
 At whiles woke in his trembling soul ;
 And then, though powerless to reform,
 Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
 Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
 “ O Mary, Queen of Mercy ! ”

At last youth’s riotous time was gone,
 And loathing now came after sin.
 With locks yet brown, he felt as one
 Grown grey at heart ; and oft, with tears,

* The Italian and German poets have often sung a legend which is the model of the above.

He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope ; yet, morn and e'ening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
“ O Mary, Queen of Mercy !”

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit, ruled him now :
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommerland.
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
“ O Mary, Queen of Mercy !”

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for God alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone ;
For him no penance was too stern ;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
“ O Mary, Queen of Mercy !”

And thus he lived, long, long ; and, when
God's angels called him, thus he died.
Confession made he none to men,
Yet, when they anointed him with oil,
He seemed already glorified.
His penances, his tears, his toil,
Were past ; and now, with passionate sighing,
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,
“ O Mary, Queen of Mercy !”

They buried him with mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green ;
But, lo ! a wonder-sight ! ere long
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen ;
And, on its petal-edges round,
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
“ O Mary, Queen of Mercy ! ”

And, would God's angels give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, might'st behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold :
Then wouldst thou choose the better part,
And thenceforth flee sin's foul suggestions ;
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
“ O Mary, Queen of Mercy ! ”

OTHELLO.

IN Venice once there lived a sooty fellow,
By trade a soldier, and by name Othello ;
He woo'd the gentlest damsel ever known, a
Fair, virtuous, blooming maid called Desdemona.
Her father would as lief old Nick had had her ;
So one fine night Othello brought a ladder
Beneath her casement, and without much trouble
The pair eloped, and got themselves made double.
Othello's ancient was a cunning rascal,
A deep, designing villain, who could mask all
His gloomy treachery, so that poor Othello
Thought him a most surpassing honest fellow.
This villain, finding that this general granted
A post to Michael Cassio which he wanted,
Determined, without making any pother,
To be revenged on both the one and t'other ;
And the first thing that the malicious brute did
Was t'hint that Cassio had the Moor cornuted.
The Moor, however, looked for confirmation,
Not trusting quite Iago's information.
Iago, being a confounded swiper,
One night makes Cassio drunk as any piper ;
Whereon the latter got into a hobble,
By stabbing one Montano in a squabble.

The Moor dismisses him for this aggression ;
But Desdemona tries her intercession
To have his rank restored, and grows so zealous
In his behalf, Othello becomes jealous.
Meanwhile Iago got a certain kerchief,
Which Desdemona had received from her chief,
In Cassio's chamber had contrived to leave it,
Then tells the Moor it was his wife who gave it.
Othello, flying in a wondrous passion,
Attacked his wife in most uncivil fashion ;
Called for the handkerchief ; she tried to find it,
But could not, so she begged him not to mind it ;
And sought in vain to soothe his excellency,
Who left the room in a confounded frenzy.
Poor Desdemona passed the day in weeping,
Then went to give her heart relief by sleeping,
And sought the couch upon whose downy feather
Her lord and she had oft reposed together.
There while in slumber soft and pure reclining,
Bright holy visions o'er her fancy shining,
She lay, in came her husband with a candle,
His eyes dilated, and his dagger's handle
Clasped in one hand. On tiptoe he advances
To the bed-side, and on her sweet face glances ;
And, after divers doubts and much misgiving,
Swears that she shan't stay longer with the living,
Wakes her, and says 'tis quarter past eleven,
And bids her pray, to fit her soul for heaven—
He'll give her just five minutes to get ready.
Poor Desdemona's head grows quite unsteady ;
She sighs and sobs, assures him he's mistaken,
But spite of all the rascal is unshaken ;
And though her tears might make a lump of coal stir,
He smothers the poor creature with the bolster.

The servants hearing all this row, and thinking
There's something wrong, break through the door like
In rush the lady's father, Gratiano, [winking.
Emilia, Iago, and Montano.

Emilia says she gave her lord and master
The handkerchief that caused the sad disaster.

Iago's guilt is made appear quite clearly ;
Othello sticks him with his sword severely.

The people seize his blade—he makes a swagger,
Speaks of his deeds, and then draws out his dagger ;
Regrets he should have used his wife so badly,
Then stabs himself to end the story sadly.

This tale is writ in Shakspeare's lyric finis,
But his account is not so good as mine is.

THE DREAM-TRYST.

WE meet in dreams ! to-night thou shalt be mine,
 Mine, and mine deeply, wheresoc'er thou art !
 Mine in that shadowy world, the phantom-shrine
 Where fancy bowers the idols of the heart.

Through the dim air, blank midnight's pathless waste,
 O'er haunted wood, wild dell, and dashing stream,
 My spirit summons thee, I bid thee haste,
 Come to me, lady, meet me in my dream !

Ah ! there each timid hope, too fond for day,
 In deepening colours flushed, shall learn to grow ;
 There those soft eyes shall shed a softer ray
 Than waking eyes have seen, or dare bestow !

There nought can come to sadden or to chill,
 Each untold wish still known and still forgiven ;
 There every lovely tint is lovelier still,
 And all of earth in thee refines to heaven !

Skies even of hue more cloudless shall be there,
 Than charm those climes where first my spirit
 found thee,
 The mute enchantment of Italian air, [thee.
 And all heaven's softest sounds shall float around

But these are words of weakness ! Earth hath nought
 In its least earthly forms so pure and deep
 As fills that gorgeous inner world where thought
 Builds her own phantom paradise of sleep.

Immortal longings not even yet subdued, [free,
Though hushed by day, at such dim hours half
And struggling in their chained infinitude,
Lisp the strange music of eternity !

The broken echoes of celestial songs,
Caught from the heaven immortals should inherit,
And whispering still the glory that belongs
To that lost homeland of the exiled spirit !

Yes, thou must come ! Beneath my sealéd eyes
A thought-created world shall spring to birth ;
Midnight around ; within, the illumined skies
Of the rapt soul's " new heaven " and newer
" earth."

Splendours confused, in glory, glory hid,
Cities of sunset clouds and shadowy gleams,
All that our dead material bonds forbid,
Meet in the living poetry of dreams.

Perspectives measureless that still unroll
Their long withdrawing vistas far and bright,
As though this glowing chaos of the soul
Could grasp all space, could paint the infinite !

Dim twilight of the mind ! How every grace
Seen through the soft folds of thy mystic veil,
Seems borrowed from some far immortal race,
Unearthly radiance, pensive, pure, and pale !

A charm more still and spirit-like, a ray
In those deep-shadowed eyes yet more serene,
Make even more witching than in witching day
The visioned lady of the dreamland scene.

A peace no earthly utterance may express,
The rapture of communings lone and high,
Shrouding in holier light of loveliness
The dream-born visitant of fantastic !

She comes ! my spirit bows beneath the storm
Of thoughts—bright thronging thoughts—that
o'er me sweep ;

She comes ! I see—I see that dawning form,
It grows—it gathers—do I wake or sleep ?

Stay, lost and lovely vision, fancy-wrought !

By tears I bind thee, sighs no lips may number,
Come to my lone phantasmal world of thought,
My faerie islet in the deep of slumber !

Come ; for our life's far better, brighter part—

Her home for homeless spirits—welcomes thee ;
The blest delirium of the franchised heart,
Where thought is truth, and hope reality !

THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE.*

THE duke has summoned his host to the wars—
 Our good Duke of Brittany ;
 From city and village, from hill and plain,
 Thronging they come, a gallant train !
 The flower of his chivalry !

There are barons bold, from their fosse-girt forts,
 Each a king in his own domain ; -
 Stern knights, grown gray amid war's alarms,
 With nimble squires, stout men-at-arms ;
 And my love is one of the train.

He is gone to the wars—to Aquitaine—
 And though but a cymbaleer,
 So bright is the hauberk on his breast,
 So stately his mien, so lofty his crest,
 That a captain you'd deem my dear.

A weary time, a heavy heart,
 Have been mine since he rode away :
 To St. Bridget I've prayed till the stars grew dim,
 To watch o'er the angel that watches o'er him,
 That he quit him not night or day.

* This "piece" is somewhat adapted from Victor Hugo's famed poem on the same topic.—

On my knees I've besought our priest to pray
For all soldiers brave like mine ;
And in hopes to quicken the good man's prayer,
Three waxen tapers, tall and fair,
I've burned at St. Gilda's shrine.

To our blessed Mother I've vowed a vow,
That, let me but look on his face
Once again, the scallop and scrip I'll take,
And a pilgrimage to Loretto make,
In requital of her grace.

Meantime, nor letter, nor message of love,
Has solaced or him or me ;
The high-born dame has her page, the knight
His squire, for such errands, and absence is light ;
But no squire nor page have we.

But the dreariest day must end at last :
The war is over and done ;
And the duke this day—nay, this very hour—
Will be here with his host ; if you stood on that tower,
You could see their arms glance in the sun.

The duke will be here, and my cymbaleer—
How my proud heart beats and burns !
'Tis proud and happy—and well it may,
For a lowly vassal he rode away,
And a hero he returns !

Haste, sisters, haste ! why linger ye so ?
For the duke must now be near ;
Our place let us take at the ancient gate
By which he will pass in his martial state—
The duke and my cymbaleer.

Quick, sisters, quick, and ye will see
 How my true love bears the bell,
As stately he rides 'mid the conquering bands,
And, quivering under his manly hands,
 The cymbals clash and swell!

Proud of his rider, ye will see
 His war-steed spurn the ground,
Tossing aloft the plumes of red
With which for this festal-day his head
 Will be decked, at every bound.

But more than all, my cymbaleer
 Himself in his pride ye'll see—
My beautiful! my brave! with the air
Of an earl his shining casque he'll wear,
 And the mantle wrought by me!

I questioned the gipsy yesternight,
 And liked not her spiteful sneer,
As she said, I should hie me home and pray,
If music I loved, for the band to-day
 Would be short of a cymbaleer.

And pray I did—and I've prayed so much
 That my heart has no room for despair,
Though the beldame muttered—with death in her eye,
While she pointed to a tomb close by—
 “To-morrow I look for you there!”

But away with doubts and fears, for hark!
 Already I hear the drums!
From flower-wreathed lattice and silken tent
Fair ladies peep forth, and each eye is bent
 On the cavalcade that comes.

See ! these are the pikemen in the front,
That march with so stern a tread ;
And next, with their pennons broad displayed,
The barons, in robes of silk arrayed,
At their bold retainers' head !

On milk-white steeds the heralds—see
The priests in their stoles of gold ;
And squires that bear their liege lords' shields,
With blazonings telling of well-fought fields,
High deeds in the days of old !

The templars next—the pagan's dread—
Clad in armour from crown to heel !
And then the gay archers of Lausanne,
That ever are first in battle's van,
In their buff coats barred with steel !

Now comes the duke, amidst the flower
Of his paladins and peers !
How proudly his banner is floating ! Below
Droop, tarnished, those he has torn from the foe—
Ha ! there are the cymbaleers !

She said, and a long, long searching glance
Athwart the ranks she cast,
Then, chill and pale as a corse in its shroud,
Lifeless she sank 'mid the careless crowd—
The cymbaleers had passed !

A DIRGE

FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

By his gibbet, she who bore him
 Stood in tears; while, trickling o'er him,
 Piteously the blood-drops stole.
 Grief and woe her bosom harrow;
 Lo! the seer's prophetic arrow
 Now indeed "hath pierced her soul."

See how sorrowful and lonely
 Stands that mother, while her only
 Blessed Son in torture hangs!
 Man's redemption the achievement,
 But how bitter the bereavement!
 How acute the mother's pangs!

Is there one, whose heart so leaden,
 Cold indifference could deaden
 At that scene of wondrous woe—
 To behold that sainted being
 Anguished beyond measure, seeing
 What our Lord must undergo?

Such the price of man's transgression!
 Such the godlike intercession
 Of her wounded, dying Son!
 Whom she watches, broken-hearted,
 Till his spirit hath departed—
 Till the deed of blood is done.

Blessed lady ! let me share in
Thy affliction ; let me bear in
 Thy o'erpowering grief some part ;
Let me in thy sorrows mingle ;
Let devotion pure and single
 For thy Son possess my heart.

Holy mother ! grant this favour :
Let the sufferings of my Saviour
 Sink into my bosom's core ;
Let me dwell with deep affection,
Sad and frequent recollection,
 On the torments that he bore ;

Let me sorrow with thee truly ;
Let me bear my portion duly
 Of his cross, and, while I live,
Stand in spirit by his gibbet,
Grief and love with thee exhibit,
 Sympathy and homage give.

Virgin mother ! purest maiden !
While thy heart with grief is laden,
 Mine a true compunction needs.
Be the death of Christ aye present
To my thoughts, and urge incessant
 On to penitential deeds.

Let the cross guard and protect me,
Through the paths of life direct me ;
 Through the sufferings of Christ
May I, when this clay shall moulder,
Of God's vision a beholder,
 Joy with thee imparadised !

THE HERMIT MOUSE.*

WHEN seated by her wintry fire,
 My grandam dear the distaff plied,
 She strove with kind and fond desire
 To keep me happy by her side,
 And passing hours she still beguiled
 With stories wonderful and wild.

The feats of frogs and mice she told,
 Of fox and geese, accoutred knights,
 The wonders done by fays of old,
 The playful deeds of tricky sprites,
 So well she told her curious lore,
 Still as she told, I wished for more.

One evening I remember well,
 'Twas after my imploring oft
 That she some pretty tale would tell,
 She cleared her throat, she hemmed, she coughed,
 Her teasing grandson kindly eyed,
 And thus with my request complied—

“Once lived a mouse who much desired
 Far from this sinful world to dwell,
 His pure and holy soul aspired
 To seek some calm secluded cell ;

* This is a fair English rendering of an Italian poem in Pignotti's "Fables."

A mighty cheese appeared in view,
And here our anchorite withdrew.

“ Aware that Heaven the care neglects
Of those who live in careless ease,
The hermit soon his cell inspects,
Resolved to labour on his cheese,
And every morning duly tries
To keep his teeth in exercise.

“ His sleek and glossy sides expand,
Fat as a friar he quickly grows !
With liberal and unsparing hand,
How justly Heaven its gifts bestows
On those who its behests fulfill,
And live obedient to its will !

“ A dreadful famine raged around,
The fast-closed barn no succour yields,
No grain could on the earth be found,
In vain were sought the oft-gleaned fields,
For ever near the sufferer saw
Grimalkin’s eye—Grimalkin’s claw.

“ Ambassadors abroad were sent
The universal woe to tell ;
With sack on shoulder off they went,
They reach the hermit’s lonely cell,
Their grievances before him laid,
And piteously implore his aid.

“ Oh ! my dear son !” in accents kind,
The sage replied, “ I pray be still ;
Long have I banished from my mind
All worldly good, all worldly ill ;

My peaceful days pass swiftly on,
But all the thoughts of earth are gone.

“Lone, poor, and naked, what could I
To aid your lone condition spare?
But unto pitying Heaven I’ll cry
In your behalf with ceaseless prayer;
And trust in Heaven—it loves the poor!”
He said, retired, and closed his door.

“Dear grandmother!” I cried, “how well
Your mouse the Father Pascal shows,
Who lives so snugly in his cell—
Who daily fat and fatter grows—
Who, preaching fast, by feasting lives—
Who ever takes, but never gives.”

Resentful glowed my grandam’s cheek,
“Be silent!” cried the good old dame;
“Who taught thee, urchin, thus to speak
Of Father Pascal’s reverend name?
How soon, O Earth! thy taint appears,
Our follies grow before our years!

“Speak so again, and thou shalt see
If it will be a pleasant jest!”
Then such a look she gave at me,
To say the truth, I judged it best
My ill-timed raillery to cease,
And leave the Father’s name in peace.

ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A PRINCE OF WALES.

THE Cambrian hills in steepy pride
 To heaven still lift their summits hoar ;
 And Conway dark, and Severn wide,
 Still waken echo with their roar ;

But ah ! no more on Cambrian sod
 Is heard, as erst, the tuneful train ;
 No more at feast or Eisteddfod,¹
 They pour the high heroic strain.

And must the lay, which might inspire
 Aneurin's² harp, Cadwallo's² tongue,
 Devolve upon degen'rate lyre,
 And by a stranger bard be sung ?

Yet will I warm me with the theme,
 And try to catch the spirit bold
 That flashed along the early dream
 Of Merlin and Taliessin² old.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn !³
 The partner still of warlike file,
 And pledge, on this auspicious morn,
 A welcome to the royal exile.

Smile, heaven, benignant on this hour,
 And cherish thou our seedling gem,

Until he bloom a fairer flower
Than ever sprang from Roderic's⁴ stem.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn !
O Prince, may'st thou, like Hoel's⁵ good,
Meek mercy love, injustice scorn,
Exalt the virtuous, check the proud ;

And like to him⁶ who, on the plain
Of Cressy, plumed his youthful brows
With crest of bold Bohemian slain,
Be dreaded only by thy foes.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn !
On Gwynmeth's⁷ hills and Arvon's⁸ shore,
Of Celtic stock a race is born,
As brave and faithful as of yore ;

Of hand as strong, of heart as true
And prompt, O Prince, their blood to shed
For thee, as their forefathers who
On Agincourt with Monmouth bled.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn !
Oh ! make thy people's breasts alone,
Of all their liberties unshorn,
The bulwark of thy future throne :

If it on such foundation rest,
And in free hearts thou'lt reign endeared,
On Snowdon's⁹ peak the eagle's nest
On basis more infirm is reared.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn !
As ebbs the liquor from its brim,
Time fleets, and mortals leaves to mourn
O'er vanished joys that fleet with him.

Thus will thy life, thy glories fade,
Thus comes the hour that comes to all ;
The King of Kings be then thine aid,
And nations weep above thy pall.

NOTES.

¹ A periodical assembly of the Welsh bards.

² These bards are affirmed by some historians to have flourished in the sixth, by others in the eleventh, century : the latter is the more prevalent, and, indeed, the better supported opinion.

³ The horn was the usual drinking-cup of the Danes and Normans, and by them introduced into Wales. The Welsh called their horn *Hir-las*, or the "Long blue." It was a section of the horn of an ox, highly mounted and ornamented.

⁴ Roderic Fawr, or "The Great." He flourished A.D. 843.

⁵ Hoel Dda, or "The Good," so called from his just government and wisdom. He flourished A.D. 940.

⁶ The Black Prince, who, having in this battle slain John of Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, deplumed his casque of those ostrich feathers which, in memory of his victory, became his cognizance, with the motto, "Ich Dien."

⁷ Gwyneth, or the "Snowy Hills," the principality of North Wales.

⁸ Caernarvonshire.

⁹ Snowdon was the name given by the Saxons to that mountainous region called by the Welsh "Craigian Eyrie," or the "Crag of the Eagles." To this day the highest point of Snowdon is called the eagle's nest.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

PAUSE—for the spirit of the past
 Broods o'er these mouldering walls;
 And spectres of departed power
 Haunt the deserted halls.
 Pause—for the place is holy ground,
 Hallowed by praise and prayer;
 By human suffering, human tears,
 Repentance and despair.

Oh, could these crumbling walls but speak,
 How many a tale they'd tell
 Of hearts a deep devotion doomed
 For ever here to dwell!
 The stifled shriek they only heard,
 The tear forbid to flow:
 The restless vigil, night of pain,
 And day deprived of woe.

All silent now—bare, desolate, lone,
 All silent as the dead,
 Save when some fast-decaying tomb
 Re-echoes back thy tread;
 Save when the wind, low moaning, sweeps
 O'er these decaying piles;
 And voices more than earthly talk
 In whispers through yon aisles.

Yet here, even here, all is not Death's,
Nor undisturbed his sway :
From yonder grave sweet violets spring,
Fresh verdure from decay.
O'er altar, cell, and moss-grown stone,
Is wreathed the wild wall-flower,
Green ivy veils the broken shrine,
And clasps the falling tower.

Above is spread the glorious heaven,
It shines as brightly blue
As when these halls, in all their pride,
First met the gazer's view ;
As gently break the lake's still waves
In murmurs at their feet,
And to the quiet earth and sky
The self-same tale repeat.

Shall we not pause, then, here, and muse,
How all man's works decay,
And he and his proud monuments
Together pass away ?
While still unchanging, and the same,
Nature to every age,
For the pure heart to muse and learn,
Unfolds her gracious page.

THE LILY-MAIDENS.

A POPULAR LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

ANIGH the gloomy Mummel-Zee*

Do live the palest lilies many :

All day they droop so drowsily,

In azure air and rainy ;

But when the dreamful noon of night

Rains down on earth its yellow light,

Up spring they, full of lightness,

In woman's form and brightness.

The sad reeds moan like spirits bound

Along the troubled water's border,

As, hand with hand linked wreathwise round,

The virgins dance in order,

Moonwhite in features as in dress,

Till o'er their phantom huelessness

A warmer colour gushes,

And tints their cheeks with blushes.

Then pipe the reeds a sadder tune ;

The wind raves through the tannen-forest ;

The wolves in chorus bay the moon,

Where glance her grey beams hoarest ;

A lake in the Black Forest, near Baden.

And round and round the darkling grass
In mazy whirl the dancers pass,
 And loudlier boom the billows
 Among the reeds and willows.

But see !—the giant-elf anon
 Half rises from the water's bosom,
With streaming beard, and head whereon
 Dank weeds for garlands blossom ;
And, fiercely lifting towards the strand
A naked arm and clenched hand,
 He shouts in tones of thunder
 That wake the abysses under !

Then lake and winds and dancers rest ;
 And, as the water ceases booming,
The elf cries, “ Hence, ye shapes unblest,
 And leave my lilies blooming ! ”
And lo ! the streaky morn is up,
Dew-diamonds brim each flowret's cup,
 And Mummel's lily-daughters
 Once more bend o'er his waters.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

COME, Mary, come ! the sun is set,
 The moon is rising o'er the trees,
 Whose branches, by the night dews wet,
 Dance in the breeze.

Come, Mary, come ! the laughing hours
 Of sunshine are not half so sweet,
 E'en though a thousand blooming flowers
 Our presence greet.

'Tis true we may not now behold
 Their varied forms and radiant dyes;
 Yet from each bell and tender fold
 Such odours rise,

That the enraptured heart doth swell
 With silent feelings of delight,
 While Heaven's pure spirit seems to dwell
 On earth at night.

'Tis now the pendant guelder-rose,
 Touch'd by her soft and silv'ry light,
 Salutes, 'mid Nature's deep repose,
 The queen of night.

The sun-flower's broad, unblushing face
 Turns to her god at sultry noon;
 But this, with a peculiar grace,
 Smiles 'neath the moon.

Throwing their branching arms on high,
Each tree's rich foliage we may trace
Relieved by the clear cloudless sky
 With matchless grace.

Nor are there wanting sounds which charm
To ecstacy the list'ning ear—
Soft, floating on this air of balm,
 Music we hear !

For though the full-toned choir, with light,
Have ceased their rich harmonious peal,
Soft solos on the stilly night
 Do sweetly steal

From tuneful songsters, 'mid whose dreams
Of trickling rills and woodlands deep
The powerful charms of Luna's beams
 Have banish'd sleep.

The restless passions mortals feel
In scenes like these take not a part—
Where Nature's eloquent appeal
 Speaks to the heart.

Oh ! come while yet the choice is ours !
On silent wing time hurries fast—
Soon must we number these sweet hours
 With time that's past !

STANZAS FOR EASTER-DAY.

'Twas in the middle watch of night, when darkness hung
 profound
 About the city of the Lord, and Judah's heights around,
 That at the portal of a tomb a Roman guard patrolled :
 A new-made grave, against whose mouth a mighty stone was
 rolled.

Slow tramped the guard, and hollowly the armour's clank
 was heard,
 For all was still upon the hill, and not a vine-leaf stirred ;
 The neighbouring city silent heaved, in hushed and heavy
 dream,
 And sleep outspread with wings of lead hung o'er Jerusalem.

The listless soldier's heart was back to his far distant home,
 Where red the Tiber rolled along by old familiar Rome ;
 A spell was cast across the past, and shapes of things gone by
 Came back distinct upon his soul, and passed portentously.

Then thoughts arose of where he was, the story of the land,
 The mystic Spirit here adored, the marvels of his hand,
 The rumour of divinity beneath that tombstone there,
 And closer to his band he drew, and his lips moved in prayer.

Whispered the palm-trees, stirred the grass, on Kedron's
banks below ; [so ?
The rushes shivered ; was't a breeze that shook the mountain
It gathers—strengthens ; from above a burst of thunder
breaks,
And horribly beneath their feet the earth's foundation quakes !

A step is in the earthquake, and a voice upon the storm ;
Jehovah's angel hath come down, revealed in human form ;
Straight to the sepulchre he strides, rolls back the ponderous
stone,
And in a flood of glory forth the Crucified hath gone !

Nor witnessed this by mortal eye, for, struck with sore dismay,
The steel-clad heathens fell to earth, and like the lifeless lay !
And when the vision disappeared, they rallied not again,
But rose and hasted from the spot, like conscience-stricken men.

'Tis past—and all hath long been hushed,—the fading stars
are set,
And now the early lines of light gleam o'er Mount Olivet,
When two worn, weeping women come—rebuke them not
this morn ;
The grateful heart *will* hover near, though all should laugh to
scorn.

They stop—the stone is rolled away—they look, and quake at
heart— [wrapped apart ;
There are the grave-clothes scattered round ; the napkin
The tenant's fled, but in its stead One of seraphic mien
Sits smiling where the mangled corse of him they sought had
been.

Why, daughters of Jerusalem, why bow ye thus the knee ?
Seek ye the man whose life-blood ran from yon accursed tree ?

Go—be of comfort ; he hath left this dark and cheerless prison ;
The work is done, and Mary's son—the Lord of Lords—is risen !

When man would bend in pain of heart o'er some beloved tomb,
Oh, may a voice as sweet as this make answer from the gloom—
That when the bitterness of death to dust directs the eyes,
An angel may be waiting there to turn them to the skies !

THOUGHT.

“Thought is the ladder by which we attain to all things.”—

Andrew Marvell.

THOUGHT ! without thee “that bitter boon, our life,”
 Had been one dense reality of strife ;
 Between weak nature, and o’ermastering fate,
 Our pleasure’s lightness, and our sorrow’s weight.
 Thou art the immortality of things,
 Which else ephemera had been, with wings
 Made of the air, and glittering to the sun,
 That would have quenched their course ere scarce
 begun.

Creator-like from chaos thou dost raise
 Vast worlds of space, fill’d with mysterious ways ;
 O’er the drear present it is thine to east
 Meteors, wrought from out the golden past ;
 With thee we roam through sun-lit forests green,
 In gentle parlance with “the Faerie Queene,”
 Or poach with Shakspeare Lucy’s fated deer,
 Or prank with Goodfellow, or weep with Lear.
 On, on again we bound ! and view with thee
 The bygone splendours of the Adrian sea ;
 Again we dwell on Tasso’s prison’d lays,
 And mourn the cypress Love, wreath’d with his bays ;
 For Jove must ever have his “Bridge of Sighs”
 Parting the two extremes of life. The wise,

Turn as they may at their appointed hour,
Must own his yoke, and quail beneath his power,
Come he as lord, or slave—still, still he flings
The same deep poison from his subtle wings;
And still his thirst shall yield but to a draught
Costly as that th' enamour'd Roman quaff'd.
If of life's cup he deign to kiss the brim,
Our all of treasure must be merged for him!
What gives he in return? a sigh—a tear—
At most a hope, perchance twin-born with fear.
Change as he may, from Indus to the Pole,
Thou still canst reach him, at his farthest goal;
Gives he to others each soft look and tone,
He robs not thee, thou'st garner'd up thine own.
Like Eden's bird thou never stoop'st to earth,
But upward soar'st true to thine angel birth;
Thou art, ambitious wizard, from the skies,
Plucking out fair and gorgeous destinies;
Thou the Columbus of the future art
(Save that nor shoals nor quicksands blot thy chart);
In unknown seas thine anchor's ever cast,
And thy new worlds are peopled from the past;
Thou makest all things equal—all things bright—
Thou art the firmament of Fate's dark night.
Pompey's lone tomb by Hellespont's wild wave,
Where none were near to mourn, and none to save,
Haunted by thee, straight to our vision springs,
As seems the proud sarcophagus of kings!
With thee again we hear Erinna's note
O'er the deep waters of the Ægean float;
Mirror and echo, thou, of all bright things,
Thou art life's treasury, to which hope brings
Her costly wealth, piled up in glittering heaps,
O'er which fate's ruthless tempest vainly sweeps.

Thou mak'st the statue breathe, with beauty rife,
That the fond monarch worshipping'd into life !
Thou art the victor of our every foe,
Like Theseus' shade, thou smit'st without a blow,
Thou art Life's spell—"the magic of a name"—
Thou art the silver note within the trump of Fame ;
Thou art the wings to fallen angels given
By which they may regain their long-lost heaven.

THE DEATH OF ELI.

"Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching, for his heart trembled for the Ark of God."—1 *Sam.* iv. 13.

I.

THE combat's rage is heard afar,
And the thunder peal of the distant war
From Ebenezer's rock,
As fiercely upon Aphec's height
Meet Israel and Philistria's might,
In the deadly battle shock.

II.

They have brought his priestly chain of pride,
They have placed it by the highway side
In Shiloh's lofty gate ;
And trembling there in anxious fear
He sits, the venerable seer,
Of ninety years and eight.

III.

The film of age is on his eye,
Its snows upon his head,
And he lists the step of each passer-by,
And he questions him in dread.

IV.

Yet 'tis not of his children twain,
In peril on yon battle plain
Amid the bloody fray ;

His heart is with the sacred ark,
And trembles as forebodings dark
Arise in sad array.

V.

In Shiloh's street is heard a wail ;
Yon frightened fugitive so pale,
The messenger of woe,
He has told his saddening tale of ills,
Of Israel scatter'd on the hills
Before the conquering foe.

VI.

He has spoken of faithful hearts and bold
Laid low on that fatal plain ;
But, woe of woes, he has falt'ring told
How the Ark of God is ta'en.

VII.

The old man calmly heard him tell
How Hophni and Phineas fell,
Without a sigh or tear ;
Full well the wretched parent knew
Eternal Justice claim'd her due,
As spoke the youthful seer.

VIII.

But the Ark of God in godless hands,
And borne away to Pagan lands,
Came to his soul like lead !
There is death in that groan,
He has dropp'd from his throne !
The vital spark has fled.

IX.

Old man, when rage the fiends of ill,
When guileful men high places fill,
 And wield the rod of pow'r,
When e'en the wearer of the crown
But half withholds the royal frown—
 In that disastrous hour,

X.

Old man, I would our hearts were found,
When thus the tempest gathers round
 And threats religion's bark,
Like thine an anxious love to feel,
And burn resolved with holy zeal
 To guard the sacred Ark.

XI.

Ark of our hope—our country's stay,
 Palladium of the free,
Forbid it Heav'n the foe should lay
 Unhallow'd hand on thee.

THE NIGHT WIND'S MONODY.

WHEN night her sable curtain draws
 Around the drowsy earth,
 Shrouding in that solemn pause
 The whole creation's birth,
 I love, by yon cathedral pile,
 To hear the low wind sigh,
 And echo through the cloister'd aisle
 Æolian harmony !

Round every pinnacle and tower,
 Through every curve and line,
 Glides on a gently breathing power,
 That seems inspir'd—divine !
 Sweet music from a brighter sphere,
 On ebon wing to fly—
 Bedewing the enchanted ear
 With liquid melody !

Soft dulcet notes that whisper peace
 To the soul's longing rest ;
 Where troubles of the weary cease,
 And all who seek are blest.
 Anon, those thrilling accents change
 To the low mournful cry,
 That, through the vast and vaulted range,
 Chants nature's lullaby !

List to the aërial song awhile—

Mark how each varied tone
Quivers through the fretted pile,
So musical and lone !

And sure 'tis good to wander now
Where sounds so sweet are nigh,
And deeply quaff the copious flow
Of heavenly psalmody !

Not long those plaintive dove-notes course
Their way with gentle wail ;
A loftier strain—a wilder force—
Soon swells the rushing gale ;
And tuneful in its richness there
The wingéd breeze sweeps by,
While silence lingers in despair—
Disputing sovereignty !

As beings of the world of light
Hover in celestial bliss,
So in a flood of pure delight
May mortals joy in this ;
And while those sylph-strung lutes shall peal
O'er hill, and tower, and tree,
Sweetly will o'er remembrance steal
The Night Wind's Monody.

ALL MUST FADE.

WHERE are the modest violets gone,
 That grew so faintly sweet,
 And, as the Queen of May passed on,
 Were strewn beneath her feet?
 Maiden! Spring not long can stay;
 Violets must fade away.

Where are the flowers I loved the best?
 The glowing roses—say—
 That decked the village-maiden's breast
 And peasant's hat so gay?
 Youth! the summer months must fly,
 And the brilliant roses die.

Then lead me to the streamlet's brink;
 In murmurs soft and low
 It bids the thirsty blossoms drink,
 That on the margin grow.
 The sun was fierce—the wind was high—
 The streamlet's pebbled bed is dry.

Show me the bower I loved, of old,
 To rest in unperceived;
 Where tales of simple love were told—
 By simple hearts believed.
 The leaves are gone—the flowers are dead—
 The cool and fragrant shade has fled.

The gentle girl, who, when she met
My gaze, her eyes ne'er raised,
But on the timid violet
(Her own sweet emblem) gazed—
Beauty withers, and the maid,
Like the leaves and flowers, must fade.

But where is he who passed his hours
Lost in a pleasing dream;
Who sang the shepherdess, the flowers,
The arbour, and the stream?
Fancy flies—life soon is o'er—
The youthful poet is no more.

MERE BEAUTY.

MAID of no mind ! can I love a mere face,
 Though the painting and sculpture of heaven I trace,
 And now on a rainbow bestow my young heart,
 To possess but a cloud when the sunbeams depart ?

Thy beauty to passion applies for a kiss,
 But no love liveth under its surface of bliss ; [be,
 And the beams of that beauty, though dazzling they
 Remind me of sunshine that lights the Dead Sea.

If *thou* wert the house of my heart, though in bliss
 It might linger outside through a summer like this,
 From the winter of life could affection retire
 Into taperless chambers and hearths without fire ?

Like the light of a beacon, thy beauty when gone
 Would leave but the rocks upon which it had shone ;
 The mistress I *see* would prove faithless at last,
 And soon forsake mine for the arms of the past.

The torch of affection when beauty declined,
 By memory held, would give light from behind,
 And life's path through old age would be darkened the
 more

When light we had passed sent our shadows before.

The eye, not the heart, thou wert destined to win,
 Thou art lovely without, but not woman within ;

And, oh ! it is *woman* alone can assuage
Our pain in the hours of affliction or age.

Now beaming with passion those blue orbs I view,
Would they beam with affection if fortune withdrew ?
Might I yet not behold them shed tears of regret,
In adversity's hour, that we ever had met ?

The heaven-welled tear for another in woe
Comes only from woman, and tears such as flow
From the heart that but feels for distress of its own,
By Moses were drawn from a fountain of stone.

When noon-beams are gone as the bright sun declines,
Through the vapours of earth still the larger he shines,
It is thus that when beauty with youth disappears,
Her love will increase in the dimness of years.

She loves as the sun giveth light, for though dear
To his rays are the roses and vales of Cashmere,
The desert is dearer, the day-beams that fall
On its desolate lapse are the brightest of all.

Oh give me a woman whose love would increase
With my woes, like the tempest-homed emblem of
 peace,
The heaven-hued rainbow, that brightest appears
To illumine a cloud when 'tis shedding most tears.

THE OAK'S DEATH SONG.

A RING round the king of the forest glen !
 Navies are waiting our work, my men !
 Now may the veteran look his last
 O'er the sombre width of the forest waste ;
 For never more shall he spread the leaf .
 For Autumn to dye with its hues of grief ;
 Never again shall his bare head nod,
 As he smiles at old Winter's ruthless rod ;

His grave is made—

Behold the blade !

Strike the first stroke in the name of God !
 There he stands, like a bull at bay,
 Close to whose haunches the lean dogs lay ;
 And here our eager axes grin,
 Hungry to plunge their edges in.

Oak ! could we break the spell,

Thy life could preach full well !

Oh, wert thou but vocal, thou forest sage,

To give us the tale of thy greener age,

What chronicles might there be !

But now there's only a sighing wail,

That speechlessly murmurs along the gale—

Spare, spare the old oak tree !

Yes—wrung like the heart of powerless pride,

Each tortured branch from his antique side

The loftiest point would gain,
And lifting its head where its home hath been,
Looks for leagues o'er the ocean of green
For succour—but looks in vain!

Ah me! how blithe in morning's quivering motion,
Unnumbered dew-drops from his temples hung,
This desert priest, in Nature's rapt devotion,
Has through a thousand throats his anthem sung!

Ah me! how oft in autumn's gorgeous glory,
The robe of purple, and the golden crown,
This monarch of the forest, hale though hoary,
Hath worshipped as the sun, his life, went down!

E'en o'er his dream, when night held high dominion,
Oft hath there stolen a spirit, like to prayer,
Which in his depths, perchance, upraised one pinion,
A dove's, like hope, reposing calmly there!

Perchance 'twere harm to learn the charm;
Bare the rough chest, the ridgy arm,
Each hindering band undo;
There like a whirlwind aim the blow,
And full on the twisted stem below
Let the iron ring sharp and true.

In faith thou'rt tough and strong, old tree—
Loth is thy place to part with thee!
No wonder—here thy life hath sped,—
Thy rood of ground thou hast sheltered and fed;
Fed with leaves in the famine of frost; [sed;
Sheltered with leaves when the sunbeams cros-
With thy kind alone
Thou hast spread and grown,
Sublime, without one mind to know it,

Not a line of thy face
Ever limner did trace,
An epic, unsung by bard or poet!

See ye where, southward, the mountains lower?
On one bleak point is a lonely tower,
Hapsburg—within it Count Rodolph stood,—
He weighed in the scales of a doubtful mood
The tower of his fathers 'gainst Germany's throne—
That day dropped the acorn—behold what hath
grown!

How many a year, with downward tide,
Hath swept off its dead, and poured in its born,
Since Rodolph lived, and Rodolph died!
Yet up to the dawn of this fatal morn,
None crossed over this rood of ground,
In that lapse of years, but one straggling hound,
When the bay of the wolf was on before,
And far behind him the yagers roar;
So far he reached by the fall of day,
The hum of the hunt passed faint away;
Close by the brink of yon stream he fell,
None but the vultures heard his yell.
The gathering waters swept him—where?
Break up the floor of the deep—he's there.

Now rest, it is noon, and the shadows flee
Close to the stem of the sheltering tree.
Long have we quitted the household hearth
In search of a stem so huge in girth;
Deep have we plunged 'midst the palaces green,
Ere the cords of the emperor's tent were seen.
Rest, and relaxed in the sultry hour,

Think of your homes, where Carlsruhe's tower
Opens a fold in the earth's green breast,
And offers a spot for the sun to rest.

Our homes are there!

Home—to which wayfarers' hearts will strain,
The homes of our blessed and bright Allemayne—
The vine-covered porch, and that juice divine,
And the wives of our bosoms, sweeter than wine!
Thence are our memories, thither our hopes,
There are our prayers, as the sunbeam slopes!
In the leafy silence we watch for wings,
Bringing us tidings of household things;
A voice from our sister, a kiss from our child,
A press from the heart of our first-born wild;
Or perchance a lock of the silver wire
That crowns with moonlight our aged sire:—
Sweet when a moment for thought we gain,
But oh, 'twould be torture to homeless men!

Brother, brother, tell us a tale!

Willingly. Far from this quiet vale
Where Heidelberg standeth, tower and town,
One with a smile, and one with a frown,
Dwelt by the Neckar a damsel fair,
Bright was her eye, rich was her hair;
Small skill have I to recount her charms;
Poets have raved of her neck and arms;
But none ever saw such a happy face,
Nor a hand that relieved with so sweet a grace;
Strangers could boast that their hearts were lost,
But 'twas Thekla's friends that loved her most.

Low was her home on the river's side,
High was the castle aloft in pride,

And as far removed from the gentle rank
Was the maid who dwelt by the river bank.
But the quietest stream will reflect most clear
The tower—or the mountain, that rises near ;
And wherefore not, since the sun lights both ?
True—if it stand as the mountain doth—
It may hold in its bosom the vision vast,
Yet go on its humble pilgrimage past ;
But let it approach, and but kiss its feet,
'Tis sure to bring down on the bright deceit,
In some evil hour, the mass o'erweighed,
And whelm with the substance the fragile shade.

Thekla loved. Count Otho's lance
Still in the battle held advance ;
And never appeared in a lady's bower
Knight more gentle in festive hour.
Thekla loved—'twas the guileless passion,
Unsought by arts, unwon by persuasion,—
For Thekla loved, ere the Baron knew
That so lovely a weed 'neath his castle grew.

Otho of Heidelberg made prepare
To hie with his host to the seat of war.
As he rode from the low-browed porch in arms,
He spied her, pale in her peerless charms ;
He turned his head, with his tall plumes flowing,
But down she had sunk, for her life was going.
Fierce was the flame that burned his breast,
As, down from his horse, the damsel he pressed,
And inly swore, by the Kings of Cologne,
The maid that so loved him he'd make his own.

A month, and the pair at an altar stood,
An altar of workmanship quaint and rude,
In a vaulted chamber within that tower

Which frowned, toward the mountain, in marble
A hidden chamber, with double doors, [power ;
Stone were its walls, and roof, and floors,
Then rarely entered—in ages gone
'Twas the place of the secret orison ;
There to her peace was the death-blow dealt
Though a lady arose where a peasant knelt,
Yet death looked on by the feeble light
Of the bridal taper that fatal night.

Things grew dark at the seat of war,
Germany wavered, no Otho there—
Sneers on his noble name were heard,
Till at length his slumbering pride was stirred ;
He buckled his steel on his manly chest,
And rushed to the camp with his lance in rest.
There did he stay a year and a day,
While his sorrowing bride she pined away—
Pined in the gloom of that guarded tower,
Lonely and low, from hour to hour—
Oft she gazed down on her former home,
And wept at the height of her altered doom.
A knight came near, and a page in his train—
'Tis Otho, her husband, home again !
Oh, what a moment, that first embrace !
But ah, there is care in the altered face.
Tell me, my Otho, ah, could it be,
Was absence as bitter to thee as to me ?
Lay by thy helmet, it presses thy brow,
Which must only repose on this bosom now,
Sir Page, cried the knight, there's refreshment near,
Away ! in the hall they will give thee cheer.
Thckla ! for that which my counsels must say,
'Twere better, in sooth, that boy were away.

Love ! by the hand of my shield we were wed ;
But free is the right—so hath Germany said ;
Thine is that hand that is nearest my heart,
But in honours another is doomed to have part.
Catherine of Stolzenfels comes to my tower,
With a seignory broad for her marriage dower ;
Yonder's her page, that chesnut-haired youth,
Who followed me, maugre my wish, in sooth ;
She vowed, in a moment of pleasantry,
That he'd serve her best when he went with me.
The name of wife the Countess may hold,
But thine is my heart as true as gold.
Here is thy dwelling, murmur who will,
And Otho will lie in thy bosom still.

Dire was the blow on poor Thekla's heart—
Not a tear from her eye was seen to start,
But her face was white with a deadly light,
As she went from the chamber that fatal night.
She was met by the page in the dark corridor—
None of the menials could answer more.
Morning came, but the lady was gone,
And far from the castle, as day wore on,
Scoured the Count and his vassals round,
In search of the lost that was never found.
Still the knight rode from town to town,
Steed after steed he galloped down ;
But not a hint that of Thekla spoke,
On his mad pursuit for a moment broke.
Furious at first, at length the Count
Went forth to war, or the chase, as wont ;
But not, though much urged, tradition tells,
Wed he with Catherine of Stolzenfels.
He built up the chapel-door, as loth
To enter the place of the broken troth ;

And against it his iron couch was placed.
Here gloomily brought he his days to waste ;
Pleasure, unwelcomed, turned and fled,
Silence sat down in the halls instead ;
He fasted to famine—the tun below
Ne'er for his fainting lips did flow.
He died by inches—but hear what they tell ;—
When in later times the castle fell,
A mine was sprung that bastion under,
And the blast, as it opened its throat of thunder,
Rending, from battlement down to rock,
The tower in twain, like an earthquake's shock,
Clove through the wall, and behind the bed,
Where tossed the widower's sleepless head,
Revealed the chapel, long forgot,
And within the wall that his mood had wrought,
The double doors were bolted strong ;
There, stretched at a crucifix, all along,
A skeleton lay, and some believe
'Twas Thekla, pursued by the page that eve,
As she sought the shrine in her first despair,
And slain on her knees at the altar there.

Peace with thy prattling ! up to your task !
One more draught from the joyous flask !
Noon is past, and the shadows now
Steal to the eastward of branch and bough.
Ere they mix once more with the neighbouring shade,
A fall will be heard in the forest glade ;

Up to the stroke !

For the stout heart of oak
Must feel that this evening his grave is made.
Rough the blows roll round his dusky bole,—
Enters the iron to his inmost soul.

Loose by the handle your hatchets seize !
 Straight with your steel,
 Or the edge will feel
Of what stubborn stuff is the king of trees !

Big drops are standing on brow and chest :
Each swinking forester plies his best,
And the startled dove from the neighbouring glade
Bursts, and wings to remoter shade,
Scared from his first disturbed repose,
As the wild and wonderful tumult grows.

 Time was when the hoary oak,
 As in Dodona, spoke.
 Strange things are told of oaks.
 The savage still invokes
Some mystery lurking in the antique tree.
Whether by night the screech-owls, as they flee
Noiselessly to its covert, set the heart
Beating with feelings that in some small part
Blend fancy with devotion, scarce is clear—
The soul can quail where reason owns no fear ;—
Yet lurk there not some traces of the god
In his deep frown, his high Olympian nod,
His mighty sigh, his wild contorted rage,
And the hoar majesty that wraps his age,
 Which might bow Nature's knee ?
 Oh, be it far from thee
To turn from forest altars ! they may be
Rude, but like stones where Druid whispers dwell,
There's grandeur in the fables that they tell !

Down with it, down with it, foresters true !
Lag not like clowns o'er the work ye should do.

His shadow is long—let it taste the keen blade,
And see which is longest, the substance or shade !

Old oak, old oak, thy days are done !
Thy lofty life at length is run !
What is thy fate henceforth to be,
Thou ancient and most mighty tree ?

Beheaded, and stripped of this comely dress,
Rolled through the mire of the wilderness,
The lordly plant, now a lifeless beam,
Will swell the tide of some nameless stream,
And tumble along between broken banks,
While its vassals for miles in serried ranks
Bend from their heights as the dead goes by,
And slowly retire with a hollow sigh.
Once from the woods, and thy rank is gone—
A common carcase, thou lumberest on ;
Thou, and an hundred more beside,
With rope and with chain ignobly tied,—
The commonest boor treads thee o'er,
Trampling thy breast like a vulgar floor.
Down as thou'rt drifted, the river swells,
Man on the broadening margin dwells,
And out from the havens many a launch
Comes to thy company, branch to branch,
Till ten thousand corpses, vast as thine,
Roll on the bosom of father Rhine.
Such is the fate of the fallen great ;
Helplessly drives their unwieldy weight
Past the palace of wealth and the tower of pride,
While the world stands smiling at either side.

'Tis a heavy fall, when the great go down,—
And the tottering tree had some renown.

Just on his hundred and tenth birthday
A storm o'er the fringe of the forest lay.
Gray in the morning, at noon 'twas red,
And black as night ere the sun had sped.
Wild of the winds was the cry that night,
As they rushed from their caverns in swift affright;
And crashed through the gloom the frequent pine,
And clung the strained boughs with desperate twine
Round the nearest thing that was standing yet,
Till both went together, a mighty net,
Spread by the air, and swept along
The rooted monsters of earth among.
Full on the oak is the ruin driven—
Round the oak rage the four winds of heaven;
And aloft in the rift of the cloudy gloom
See the top swing like a warrior's plume,
And creaks the huge trunk like a straining mast,
And the roots rock where their teeth are fast—
Fast in the stone as the deadly throe
Of the serpent wringing the buffalo.
Not an arm, not a twig gave way that night.
The winds rolled by, the morning was bright,
And the birds all around, like houseless folk,
Sought the thick shade of the trusty oak.
From that same hour to this same day
Tempests have come and swept away,
But the sap is good that his old heart warms,
He was tried and was staunch in the worst of storms.

Is such the fate, then, of this lord of trees?

Give ear unto the end—

True greatness doth extend

Beyond the limit that mere vision sees.

The foam is white upon the Arctic ocean—
Upheave the surges in distorted motion,
 And, as in agony,
Roll their tempestuous heads beneath the sky.
 Two floating mountains, cold and bright
 As the blue moon of a polar night,
Are driving wild in the wintry breeze ;—
 Whales are sporting,
 And the roar of their snorting
Joins in the chorus of seething seas.

Through the strait of ice a ship is driving,
 And the throats of the winds at war
In her cordage howl, like hunger striving
 O'er carrion, bony and bare.

Onward the pilotless vessel's driven ;
 Hang the fierce monsters round,—
Wild is the toss of her head to heaven,
 And the plunge of her bows profound.

Near, in unwieldy sport, the icebergs come,
 And what was now a strait is grown a chasm ;—
Above they hang all green—a hideous doom ;
 Quivers the bark, with almost vital spasm.

They nod, the mountains, then fall back, and then
 Close their portentous jaws, like sudden thunder,—
As famished beasts, within some unclean den,
 Yawn ere they crunch their prey. Once more
 asunder,
 Where is she, the crushed wreck ?
 Safe—for athwart her deck
Ran the old oak's right royal heart.

Ring round !

Let the strokes tell with a measured sound !

Around his waist the gash grows white ;—

His inmost soul is quaking,

For every leaf is shaking,

As the axes go,

And each deep blow

Brings year by year of hidden growth to light.

Yet at each stroke

Leaps a small acorn to the earth,

And, nursed within her all-protecting womb,

Waits for the day when o'er the father's tomb

The unheeded birth

Will cast its giant shade—once more a godlike oak.

Stand away ! stand away !

Give the staggering monster room to play !

Behold the sun !

He rests on the hill—

Before he gives place to the screech-owl shrill

The work must be done.

Stand away for many a span !

His heavy head begins to sway—

He reels like a drunken man—

God ! 'tis a mighty tree—

Stand away !

A pause—we want to breathe more free—

A pause—we want to pray.

Hear ! from thy temple's awful shade,

God of the solitude !

Hear ! where poor mortals, half afraid,

On Nature's shrine intrude !

Spirit ! that lent a sheltering leaf
To sin's first conscious blush ;
That by a branch foretold relief,
And burned within the bush :—

Spirit ! that through the willows sighed
By far Euphrates fed,
When strangers would those tears deride
An exile's anguish shed :—

God of o'ershadowed Lebanon,
And Salem's sacred palm ;—
God of the groves where never man
Broke the primeval calm ;—

Power ! by whom every leaf is hung,
Yet rent the strongest arm
That ever swung the woods among
In the tempest's wild alarm :—

Spirit of life, and strength, and growth,
Death's still triumphant foe,
We pause, like lingering justice, loth
To strike the fatal blow.

Turn from us thy upbraiding glance,
For murder's step intrudes,
As wont, with mankind's first advance,
Among the untrodden woods.

But, oh ! in future danger driven
Swift succour to invoke,
Withhold not *then* thy presence, Heaven,
Regardful of thine oak !

Now to the cable all !
Down with the roof of the sylvan hall !
 The light of day
 Shall find its way
Into a chasm unknown before !
And in the cloud should an eagle soar,
He'll start aloft to a higher cloud,
As he sees the back of the monster proud
Plunge like a whale in the branchy sea,
Showing how fearful its depth may be !
To it with shoulder, bruderschaft true !
There's the work of a man yet to do,—
His towering crest in the dust must rest,
Ere the force of the forester's arm's confess'd.

 Strain, brothers, strain !
 Grasp it again !
 Give with his sway—
 Let the line play—
Hush ! a dull throb like the distant thunder !
That was his heart that burst asunder !
 Fall back—away !
There's a hush like death—no sound is heard—
The leaves are still—one little bird
(Where could that bird have been concealed till now ?)
Hops from within upon the utmost bough,
Titters a moment, then, with easy launch,
Skims off, and perches on a neighbouring branch.
'Twas like a thought, at life's long journey's end,
 That flutters to a friend.

Now from his lofty top, like night descending,
 Bows the broad tree—the forest's ancient lord ;
Like bursting thunderclaps each tough string rending,
 Leaves the huge spar to tumble by the board.

Down, down to earth, shivering and crashing round,
Falls he, and falling, shakes the trembling ground;
While the wild echo, like a tempest wave,
Rolls off, and roars through every cloudy cave.

Old oak, old oak, low on the ground
Thy pride is prostrate now,
And a sighing requiem rustles round
From many a branch and bough.

Fallen—but with dignity in death,
As if an emperor bled;—
One mighty arm, with mantle wreath,
Is gathered round thy head.

The work is done—let the blunted hatchet cool;—
But with to-morrow's dawn re-whet the tool;
Lopped be each limb, and for the trunk when bare,
A chariot rude, the ready truck prepare.
Now some repose must needs re-nerve the arm,
And for fresh toil each fainting bosom warm.
Cast we our wearied limbs along the sward;
Sleep, oh my friends, is labour's best reward:
A Schwartzwald couch is soft, a leafy bed—
But, ere we rest, be due devotions paid—
The last availing word, a tranquil prayer—
Oh! be the peace of God the slumberer's share!

I FIORELLI ITALIANI.*

HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

Scendi propizia,
 Col tuo splendore,
 O bella Venere,
 Madre d'Amore;

O bella Venere
 Che sola sei
 Piacer degli uomini
 E degli dei.

I.

MOTHER of love!

From thine own starry home,
 Wrapped in the splendour of ethereal light,
 Immortal Venus, beautiful and bright,
 Come, oh! benignly come;
 Thou that with joys ineffable and holy
 Mak'st happier still the happy gods in heav'n,
 Thou that to mortals sorrowful and lowly
 To charm their cheerless days and nights wast giv'n,
 Look down
 From thy high throne,
 See heaven and earth and ev'ry thing's thine own.

* Metastasio's beautifully graceful "Hymn to Venus" must be so familiar to every Italian scholar, that it is unnecessary here to present it to the reader. The translation, closely following the original, both in expression and metre, would be the most obvious as well as the most easy, but such a one would certainly be but little in accordance with the genius of our own poetry, and quite inadequate to preserve the simple and graceful dignity of the Italian composition. The above translation, though somewhat paraphrastic, will not be found altogether untrue to its prototype either in sentiment or execution.

II.

Lo, as the world
Rolls on her course unweariedly,
Thy sleepless eyes are ever brightly beaming
Over the outstretched earth and on the gleaming
And ever restless sea ;
Till to thy warming radiance glowing
The ripe earth's swelling bosom teems,
And chill old ocean, through the chainless flowing
Of all his sterile wilderness of streams,
Feels each glad wave
Deep in its fountain cave
With fruitfulness and joy tumultuous heave.

III.

And when on high,
In the serene, blue, glorious heaven,
Smiling in all their balmy placid light,
Thy stars laugh out—swift from the brow of night
The murky clouds are driven ;
The winds, upon their stormy wings reposing,
Sink into gentle sighs ; the meadows green
Rise fragrant, countless fair-hued flow'rs disclosing,
And the soothed waters glance with rippling sheen ;
Each trembling star
Shines out afar
Piercing the silv'ry mists that seek their light to
mar.

IV.

Soon as young Spring
Over the waking earth begins his reign,
And the fresh zephyrs, in glad bands advancing,
With odour-laden wings come lightly dancing

Along the flower-gemmed plain—
Lo, every little warbler's breast is thrilling
Warm with thy soft and sweet and holy flame,
Till sweet-tongued praises, all the ether filling,
Make every echo vocal with thy name,
From brake and tree
Saluting thee
Of all that lives and loves the true divinity.

V.

Touched with thy fire,
The coy and timid turtle-doves
Resign their unfledged young a hapless prey
To the fierce vulture, fleeing wild away
To court again new loves.
Thy mystic, all-resistless voice obeying,
That finds the desert prowlers in their home,
Far from their lairs in sunless forests straying,
The tameless tigers of Hyrcania roam;
And as they fly,
Unheedingly
Desert their foodless cubs to starve and die.

VI.

As from the wand
Of some enchantress swift awaking,
Through vast creation fresh, and fair, and rife,
A thousand forms of beauty and of life
Rise, from their slumber breaking.
Thy power the chain of human life sustaining
Through countless ages still perpetuates
The race of man—and all the world's containing,
In its wide realms, of loveliness creates;

All that our eyes
And bosoms prize
From thy bland, life-enduing spirit take their rise.

VII.

Mother of Love !
From thine own starry home,
Wrapped in the splendour of ethereal light,
Immortal Venus, beautiful and bright,
Come, oh ! benignly come :
Thou, that with joys ineffable and holy
Mak'st happier still the happy gods in heaven,
Thou that to mortals sorrowful and lowly
To charm their cheerless days and nights wast giv'n,
Look down
From thy high throne,
See heaven and earth and ev'ry thing's thine own.

A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

In the gray depth of that unliving shade—

That sunless world, where sleep enchains the frame
With unfelt bonds: like the Cumæan maid, [name,
Through phantom-peopled vales, realms without
While sibyl fancy leads—methought I strayed;
And a dread vision o'er my spirit came.

In shadowy prospect near, a ghastly crowd—

Knight, noble, priest, stood bound in strange dismay,
And cowered, as village fowl when from its cloud

The Olympian bird stoops nigh. Some knelt to
Some held vague counsel; others wept aloud; [pray;

Some tried to cheat blank fear with mockery gay.
But fear prevailed. And at each far-heard sound,

Mock, laugh, lament, to ghastlier silence rolled.
From eye to eye the chain of fear ran round,

In panic's icy spell, till all stood pale and cold!
I gazed upon the vision, darkly bound

In the dread shadow of that fear untold.

Next, as a gathering tempest slowly grows

Above the silence of calmed seas, there came
Portentous noises. Doubtful murmurs rose,

And rumours dark of malcontent and blame,
Of lurking treasons and domestic foes,

Surmises fearful, without shape or name.

Yet came a pause—a brief bright interval ;

As the fleet sun-glimpse on some shadowy plain,
Or brown moor gliding, or on clouded main,

I saw hope's golden gleam, down-breaking, fall
Amid the darkness of their fears—and all
Forgot fear's very name. Gay smiles again

Burst forth like spring-flowers ; hopes and fond
And restless wishes, frolics glad and gay, [desires,
Projects and busy schemes, brief loves and ires—
Life's still repeated round, which never mortal tires.

But while they thought not, fate was on the way !

Even as the revel gained its height, outbroke,

Above the light strain and the laughing lay,
A fearful cry ! Like the electric stroke

That blasts to blackness bare the woods, it shed
O'er lips yet severing with the reckless joke,

The ghastly paleness of the sheeted dead ; [dread.

And laughing eyes I saw contract with sudden

Conflicting counsels rose, to fight, fly, wait,

But every counsel, as it came, was late.

Then lo ! rushed in, red as from some street brawl,

An uncouth rabble, which made mock of state,

With ruffian pomp, uttering such jeers as crawl

Like vipers to the breast, and, as they fall,

Wither all hope of mercy ! Darkly then

They spoke of equal laws and natural right,

And swore Astrea's age was come again ;

That thrones should fall, and public wisdom reign,

And virtue, justice, liberty unite ; [opposite.

But every word they spoke meant some fierce

By Heaven abandoned, to themselves untrue,
On fate's dark verge men stood and wavered still,
Just firm enough to anger that fell crew,
And only yielding to provoke fresh ill.

They compromised, while each concession drew
Fresh claims, each mandate of a fiercer will.

Then came the fearful and the guilty hour

Such human eye hath seen—conception's power
Dreamt never, or speech uttered. Yet it pass'd,

Leaving its crimson tracks on field and bower.
Proud structures raised the storms of time to outlast,
Lay heaped—the ruin of a moment's rage.

Tower, temple, mansion, in confusion vast

Were mingled. There the tuneful and the sage,
The brave, the fair, the great, the good, the just,

The priest, the altar, and the sacred page,—
All things of power or pride, of love or trust.

Lay crushed together in one crimson dust.

Next as the changes of a dream appear,

I saw the homicidal multitude
Gaze on each other with the eye of fear.

Justice stole back, disguised with smile severe.
Among the striving miscreants where they stood

Around a block with gory garlands dressed,
Avenging virtue with their own base blood.

A rule of many tyrants all oppressed,
Where each became a slave or victim to the rest.

A nation's cry arose, and o'er the land

A giant phantom waved its iron hand, [chain
And checked the brawlers with their self-wrought

Till all grew still. Then came a marshalled band
And reared a ponderous throne, which sore did strain
Upon the necks of the perfidious crowd.
Last rose the clang of arms o'er sea and land,
As the high trumpet broke sleep's shadowy cloud,
And that crowned phantom raised his battle-ery aloud.

HAGAR.

SHE fled with one reproachful look
 On him who bade her go,
 And scarcely could the patriarch brook
 That glance of voiceless woe ;
 In vain her quivering lips essay'd
 His mercy to implore,
 Silent the mandate she obey'd,
 And there was seen no more.

The burning waste and lonely wild
 Received her as she went,
 Hopeless she clasp'd her fainting child,
 With thirst and sorrow spent.
 And in the wilderness so drear
 She rais'd her voice on high,
 And sent forth that heart-stricken prayer—
 “ Let me not see him die ! ”

Her beautiful, her only boy,
 Her all of hope below !
 So long his father's pride and joy,
 And yet from him the blow !
 Alone she must his head sustain,
 And watch his sinking breath,
 And on his bright brow mark the stain
 Of the destroyer, Death !

“ Let me not see him die,” and lo !
The messenger of peace :
Once more her tears forget to flow,
Once more her sorrows cease.
Life, strength, and freedom now are given,
With mighty power, to one
Who from his father’s roof was driven,
And he—the outcast’s son.

How often we like Hagar mourn,
When some unlook’d-for blight
Drives us away, no more to turn
To joys we fancied bright.
Forced from our idols to retreat,
And seek the Almighty’s care,
Perchance we are sent forth to meet
A desert angel there !

THE SUNKEN CITY.

HARK ! the faint bells of the Sunken City
 Peal once more their wonted evening-chime :
 From the deep's abysses floats a ditty,
 Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many storeys,
 There lie buried in an ocean grave,
 Undescried, save when their golden glories
 Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
 In whose ear those magic bells do sound,
 Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
 Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
 Peal for me their old melodious chime :
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
 Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,
 There lie lost to daylight's garish beams,
 There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
 From many a well-known phantom-band,
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
 Far off in the spirit's luminous land !

THE TRUE KING ! THE TRUE KING FOR EVER !

“ My son, fear thou the Lord and the king ; and meddle not with them that are given to change.”—*Prov. xxiv. 21.*

Now that Faction's dangerous crew,
To their Stygian colours true,
Call on Demogorgon's name,—
What our hope their rage to tame?
The true King ! the true King for ever !

Now the spirit of the age
Boldly throws the battle-gage,
Hissing from the unbottomed pit,—
What our hope to smother it?
The true King ! the true King for ever !

Now the sullen powers arise
To assist their deputies,
Scattering plagues upon their track,—
What our hope to beat them back?
The true King ! the true King for ever !

Lord of the Atlantic isles !
Arm thyself against their wiles ;
Shall the lion tremble down
When the toad would stain his crown ?
The true King ! the true King for ever !

Lords and squires of high degree,
Burgesses and yeomanry!
Hear, and form a faithful band
Round the king of all the land,—
The true King! the true King for ever!

Now the hour, and now the time!
To submit to popular crime,
Or with faithful heart and hand
Round the ousted throne to stand,—
The true King! the true King for ever!

Who the king? and whence has he
His deputed majesty?
From the voices, loud or low,
Of the fickle people? No!
The true King! the true King for ever!

He who built the heavens high,
Ruling with His royal eye,
Every earthly king appoints,
Whom the holy priest anoints,—
The true King! the true King for ever!

Hear, ye coward hearts! or rue
What the maddened mob shall do;
Round the Lord's anointed gather;
Shall the throne fall? perish rather!
The true King! the true King for ever!

While the powers of darkness claim
Sway in Demogorgon's name,
All who would not die for ever,
Prove your fealty; now or never!
The true King! the true King for ever!

THE THEFT.

YOUNG Love descended once from heaven,
 Upon a soft and balmy gale,
 As the last tints of rosy even
 Their lustre pour'd o'er hill and vale.

And in the twilight, pure and tender,
 Bright shone his pinions' varied plumes,
 With all the hues of changeful splendour
 The neck of Juno's bird assumes.

But ah! a cruel poet straying,
 Whose bosom Love had long beguil'd,
 Beheld him 'mid the roses playing,
 And seiz'd the unsuspecting child.

And—(while the deed the muse rehearses,
 Her eye a tear of sadness fills)—
 He pluck'd, to pen his amorous verses,
 From Cupid's pinions, all the quills!

Long time the boy-god wept distress'd
 Till woman saw his deep despair;
 She clasp'd him to her gentle breast,
 And bade him soothe his sorrows there.

And nestling there, beneath her eyes,
It seem'd so like his home above,
He all forgot his native skies,
And felt no more a wish to rove.

And since that hour, in woman's heart
His purest dwelling Love has made,
While still his plumes to song impart
The sweetness of their tuncful aid.

Then shouldst thou ever doubt again
The power of song the soul to move,
Remember that the poet's pen
Was stolen from the wing of Love!

A VENETIAN BARCAROLE.

A BLACK-EYED maiden holds me
 In Cupid's toils a prey,
 Th' assassin's wile enfolds me,
 And steals my heart away.
 Alas ! alas ! I languish,
 I die of love's soft anguish—
 I LOVE thee.

All fair have bosoms chilling
 To passion's kindling beam,
 Their icy hearts ne'er feeling
 Love's faithful steady flame.
 Alas ! alas ! I languish,
 I die of love's soft anguish—
 I LOVE thee.

What means, I pray, the spell,
 The spell thou chant'st to me ?
 It means—I dare not tell—it means
 That I love thee.
 I love thee, dearest, ever—
 I'll cease to love, oh, never—
 I LOVE thee.

MARY'S DREAM.

WHEREFORE, my Mary, art thou weeping,
 Wherefore those tears of sorrow, dear ?
 Mother, dear mother, I was sleeping ;
 I woke, and weep that I am here.

For I had dreamed that I was lying
 Upon a bed of lilies fair,
 And thousand glitt'ring wings were flying
 Hither and thither in the air.

Mother, methought that low were bending
 Around my couch four angels bright ;
 Their parted golden hair descending,
 And crowned with wreaths of roses white.

Mother, their snowy robes were flowing,
 Nor seam, nor form, nor join had they,
 But worn like lily leaves, and glowing
 With brighter radiance than the day.

Mother, I dreamed these spirits tying
 Fresh garlands, cull'd from heaven's flowers,
 To the sweet couch where I was lying
 Upborne me by those fragrant bowers.

And as we rose, around us straying
 Thousands of infant angels bright
 In the blue fields of God were playing,
 Like me on earth in gay delight.

And as we rose, spirits were wending
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
The tears of penitence ascending,
Or fraught with peace to the forgiven.

And as we rose, sweet music sounding
Like angels' harps fell on mine ear,
And as we rose, heaven's gate rebounding,
I woke,—and weep that I am here.

THE INFANT SLAVES.*

O HAPPY infant band ! by cares of men
 Unscath'd—how oft the echoes in the glen
 Repeat the merry laugh, the joyous song,
 The airy steps that lightly pass along !
 Away they speed ! in glad and breathless haste,
 The balmy air of that sweet glen to taste.
 Away they speed ! where springs the primrose pale,
 And where the fragrant hawthorn scents the gale,
 To weave sweet garlands—jewell'd braids could ne'er,
 In their fond eyes, with these wild wreaths compare !

Some venturous spirits, straying from the rest,
 Ascend the steeps to seek the hidden nest,
 Or turn the winding streamlet's course to trace,
 And find on its cool banks a resting-place.
 The hours pass on, and then a parting sigh,
 Though home, with all its varied charms, is nigh—

* The above lines were suggested by reading, in a very able and interesting article on the Factory Question, in the *Quarterly Review*, the following extract from Mr. J. Fielden's pamphlet, which, after speaking of the miseries and barbarous treatment to which poor children are exposed, goes on to say —“ In some instances they were driven to commit suicide, to evade the cruelties of a world in which, though born to it so recently, their happiest moments had been passed in the garb and coercion of a workhouse. The beautiful and romantic valleys of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lancashire, secluded from the public eye, became the dismal solitudes of torture and many a murder.”

The tender welcome, and the fond caress,
The looks of love, that even in silence bless,
The evening pray'r, where grateful hearts unite,
And then the loving kiss—the sweet “good night.”

Ah children ! sometimes think, amidst your glee,
Of those young like yourselves, and born as free,
Now only held as means of sordid gain,
And doom'd to days and nights of toil and pain—
To traffic worse than wasted Afric's shore—
To bondage galling as the Hebrews bore !

The glen is lonely now—the laugh and song,
Amidst the gath'ring shades, have died along.
A heavy step, disconsolate and slow,
That well bespeaks a heart oppress'd with woe,
May now be heard—the faint and tottering form
Bears impress sad of life's o'erwhelming storm—
A hapless, hopeless child, of tender years,
That has no friend, no luxury but tears !
The youthful brow, that should be light and free,
Clouded with care and deep despondency.
The eyes, that should be lit with joy and mirth,
All heedlessly are bent upon the earth ; [glow,
And o'er the cheek, where youth's fresh tints should
Life's genial current scarcely seems to flow.
The little hands are wasted by their toil—
It makes the blood within the heart to boil !
And then the mutterings, sad, and deep, and wild,
Of that bereft one—but a very child !
She seeks the rushing stream—the waves divide—
They close—the breezes sigh along the tide ;
The night-birds scream, and droop their dusky wings,
And a sad requiem murmurs from the springs.
Oh ! had she known some fond and gentle breast,
Whereon to lay her aching head to rest,

She might have struggled on, and learn'd to bear
Her early blight and weary weight of care;
Or had her infant mind been taught to bend
To the all-just and sympathising Friend,
He would have heard the outcast suppliant's pray'r,
And granted grace to trust, and strength to bear;
Then had she learnt to pity and forgive
Even those who taught her 'twas a curse to live!

SPRING.

“ By the soft music of the rills and birds
Let us sit down in joy.”—*Milton*.

SPRING wakes again :

Too long she slept in nursing Winter's lap,
Since matron Summer hush'd her to repose.

She wakes—for hark ! a strain
Of wooded welcome soothly flows.

Soft leaf, bright flower,
Up 'neath the freshness of her dewy wing,
All earth is vocal—the freed water's voice

Echoes through tangled bower,
Swelling the chorus cry, Arise—rejoice.

Now opes the violet eye—
The lily vests in green her snowy breast,
Lest glancing swift each sun-born child
Should her pure form descry ;
Or it might haply tempt some zephyr wild.

Ev'n fancies wake—
A season is for every sleeping heart,
When flowery thoughts again may spring,
Joy's frozen fountains break,
And new-plum'd hope take lighter wing.

Then, why be sad,
Or weep ? When flowers are faint and few
By winter smit, they seek a mother's breast—

When proudly frown the bad,
Look for God's promised Spring—and rest.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

IN former times there lived a father,
 Who, like, alas ! too many another,
 Had got a son who plagued him rather,
 But was the idol of his mother.
 He drank, and dined, and scoured the streets—
 Was reckless, riotous, and rude—
 Was foremost in all madcap feats—
 In short, a finished gutterblood.
 The father, thinking to reclaim him,
 In spite of all his wife could say
 Dispatched him to Ameri—ca ;
 But did the transportation tame him ?
 Not it ! He crossed the herring-pool
 Once more a rakehell and a fool.
 His mother wept—his father stormed—
 While he, the scoundrel ! grinned at both :
 At last the baffled senior formed
 Another project : he was loth
 To send his heir, his only son,
 To swell the army's rabble ranks ;
 But remedy besides was none
 To wean him from his devil's pranks—
 And so, behold young Smashlamp a dragoon !
 But even this step was unavailing. Soon
 The captain found he had caught a German Tartar,
 And gave him in a few weeks' time the charter
 Of his discharge. Half-crazed with sheer perplexity,

The father now consulted a Wise Man,
Whose spectacles were green and beard was grey.
“ I fear the vagabond will break his neck,” said he,
“ Unless your noddle can devise a plan
To keep him cool. I don’t know what to say.”
The Wise Man fell to pondering very hard :
’Twas all upon the brain. “ My bothered friend,”
He said at length, “ a Will works out a Way :
Your son, you tell me, is a sad blackguard :
What then ? He has the greater room to mend.
Give him good books.” The parent shook his head :
No use in life ; the scapegrace never read.
“ Harangue him.” Twaddle ! “ Give him a good peeling.”
Pooh ! he himself peeled in the Fives’ Court. “ Clap
Him in a vault, with trap-door in the ceiling.”
Lost labour : he was always up to trap.
“ Hamstring the scamp.” No go, sir. “ Starve him.” That
Had once been tried, but vainly. “ Souse him in
A horsepond.” Bah ! he was a water-rat.
The Sage pursed up his mouth and stroked his chin.
“ Humph ! Touch him with a crowbar.” ’Twouldn’t tell :
His own frame was of iron also. “ Well,”
Resumed the Green-eyed, after a long pause,
And some premonitory “ hums” and “ haws,”
“ I know of only ONE remaining remedy,
But that is *so* severe—though some defend it—
That, saving in a case of great extremity,
I should be half afraid to recommend it.”
“ For Heaven’s sake, out with it !” exclaimed the sire ;
“ Since all my plans have hitherto miscarried.”
“ Then,” said the cynic, “ if you wish to tire
And tame him, soul and body, *Get him Married !*”

O'DONOGHUE'S BRIDE.

A MAIDEN dwelt, old legends say,
 Beneath Lough Lene's mysterious waters,
 And eye more bright, and heart more gay,
 Ne'er boasted earth's most gifted daughters.

But shadows o'er her spirit came,
 Vague fancies fed the mind within,
 And love sprang up with fatal flame,
 Where all things pure and good had been.

Alas! 'twere painful sight to see,
 Upon the shore of that sweet lake,
 The maiden gazing wistfully
 Upon the billows as they break.

* * * *

With strange wild looks of love and light,
 Waiting until her chief would rise.

Up from the waves he look'd at her—
 O'Donoghue, the brave, the gay—
 So soon to be her worshipper,
 And bear her as his bride away.

Why comes he not? Ah! can he prove
 Faithless? or doth the maid but rave?
 What could inspire this mystic love?
 She springs into the yielding wave!

Down to the palace, deep beneath
The clear blue lake, the maid is gone ;
And the princely chief, with a golden wreath,
Will place his bride on a royal throne.

“KNOW YE THE LAND.”

A PARAPHRASE.

“Mehaḏkel jatza maukol unegnoz jatza mathòg.”

Know ye the land where the fulness of glory
 Has banished all sorrow and guilt from the clime,
 Where the meek of the earth and the martyrs of story
 Live safe from all sadness and cleansed from all crime?
 Know ye the land of the Saviour's divine,
 Where their palms ever flourish, their crowns ever
 shine,
 Where prayer borne on seraphs' wings yields rich
 perfume,
 And the lovely, once mortal, unfadingly bloom;
 Where faith freed from sin-blight yields fairest of
 fruit,
 And the voice of the cherubim never is mute;
 Where death-severed hearts meet with rapture on
 high,
 Where the tears of the mourners are wiped from each
 eye,
 And love puts forth blossoms that never can die;
 Where their pure, cleanséd garments resplendently
 shine,
 And all, e'en the spirit of man, is divine?
 'Tis the clime of Jehovah, the land of the Son
 Who died for the deeds which God's children have
 done.
 There loud in the praise of their Saviour and King,
 Are the harps which they strike, and the songs which
 they sing.

MIDNIGHT LOVE-DREAMS.

WHERE shinest thou, young vesper of my sky ?

Where shinest thou ?

Methinks this glorious night thou wanderest,
Gazing in bright uncertainty above,
Yearning for thine own regions of the blest,
Yet charmed to earth by all a daughter's love !

What leafy grove or upland art thou haunting ?

What leafy grove ?

A sister of the stars, a shape of light,
A phantom nymph that mocks the dazéd sight ;
Oh, words but cheat the wants of fantasie,
They flow in vain, they cannot image thee !

What spirit calls thee to the mystic shade ?

What Spirit calls ?

To tell thee how the choir of angels long
For one bright form to glorify their song,
To speak the message of thy kindred skies,
And whisper thee the news of Paradise !

Ah, these are dreams, thou lone and lovely flower,

These are but dreams !

A gentler place is woman's lot and thine,
A parent's side on whom each thought divine
Of love to thy celestial Parent given
Rests for a season, on its way to heaven !

A WISH.

OH! give me the ocean's boundless plain,
 And a bark to plough its wild, wild waves;
 Give me the mirth of the tameless main,
 As it roars in night through its hollow caves.

And give me the voice of the viewless breeze
 To whistle its song through my white swelling
 sails,
 And play in its glee o'er the billowy seas,
 Alternate the sport or the prey of its gales.

Give me the star-studded diademed night,
 With its myriads of glories unveiled to the view;
 Or the mild maiden moon, with her silvery light,
 Shining forth from a canopied curtain of blue.

And give me the freedom to ramble and roam,
 And visit each region of sun or of snow;
 The world for my country, my bark for my home,
 Heaven's high arch above me, the ocean below.

Oh! give me but these, and I envy you not
 Your sweet tranquil home, and its sameness of
 bliss;
 I sue not for glory or wealth as my lot,
 No—all I would ask is a life such as this.

THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

MARCELLA's youthful husband lay a-dying :

Oh ! who shall paint the anguish of Marcella ?
All day hand-wringing, bosom-beating, sighing—

“ Oh, woe is me ! alas ! alack and well-a-
Day ! ”—she sobbed—“ I won't give over crying !
My tears shall roll for ever down my cheeks

As wintry rain rolls down an oiled umbrella !

Oh, my dear husband !—my beloved Leander !
To die !—and we but married six short weeks !
To die !—and leave me mourning my lost love—
A widow—a lone woman—a poor dove

Robbed of her mate !—a goose without her gander !
To die, and leave me ! Oh !—oh !—oh !—oh !—oh !
I'll not survive you !—positively no !
I'll blind myself with weeping, so I will !

I'll kill myself—I'll swallow prussic acid ! ”

“ My darling,” said the dying man, “ be placid !
Your loss is great,” (O Vanity !) “ but still
You are young and beautiful and rich :—long years
Of pleasure wait you yet. Then, dry your tears,

My sweet Marcella ; you'll not feel so lonely ;
You'll yet be happy.” “ Never ! never !—save
In one place,” cried the wife, “ and that's your grave !

Oh ! could we both but die ! Or could I only
Die now instead of you ! Oh ! Death ! Death ! Death !

Come, and relieve me of my wretched breath,
And spare my husband ! If you must have one,
Make me your victim, and let him live on !”
She weeps ; she clasps her hands ; she tears her tresses.

What grief was ever so intense as hers ?
It moves even DEATH to witness such excesses

Of agony :—a generous pity stirs
The soul beneath his ribs :—he comes ; he stands,
With brandished scythe and hour-glass in his hands,
Before the wife. “ Who calls me ?” he demands :
“ Which of you twain am I to strike ? Where lies
My victim ?” “ Bless your grisly majesty !
Where should he lie but in the bed ?” replies
Marcella. “ Strike him nicely ! That is he !”

MUSIC.

THOU all-pervading spirit ! whose abode
 Is with the crowned angels robed in white,
 Whose golden harps are pouring day and night
 Their praises round the awful throne of God ;
 Echo of God's dread voice to mortal ears [found ;
 Attuned ! Like Him through all things thou art
 Earth, ocean, heaven are trembling to thy sound,
 And the full heart, whose praise is silent tears.
 Spirit of love and harmony ! bestowing
 Thy healing balm upon the soul in pain,
 As stormy winds o'er thine own lyre-strings blowing,
 Are charmed to gentle murmuring sighs again ;
 Nature's own language from thy lips is flowing,
 And sage and savage feel alike thy strain.

Voice of the world, whose soul is Deity !
 Timed by thy breath, unheard of human ears,
 Harmonious glide the thickly thronging spheres,
 Unclashing ever through the spanless sky.
 The measured pulses of the mighty ocean,
 The changing moon, the sun whose giant flight
 Weaves round the rolling earth his chain of light
 All to thy mystic strains keep tireless motion. [ing
 Waked by thy call, long vanished thoughts come teem-

From their dark graves within our memories,
As in the necromancer's mirror gleaming,
The spectral forms of the lov'd dead arise—
Lights indistinct up Time's black vista streaming,
To stir our freezing hearts, or dim the long-dried eyes.

And though thy thrilling range is bounded only
By the vast universe, yet dost thou deign
Within the good man's heart serene to reign,
Making thy choicest shrine that temple lonely.
Tuned in accord each aspiration moving,
Wakes in the soul a holy melody,
And ever vibrates sweet and peacefully,
The voice of conscience still and small approving.
By thee unhallowed, the loud acclamation
Of the vain world but peals discordantly ;
The tongue of fame, the poet's adulation,
Fall on the untuned heart all hollowly ;
As wind o'er unstrung lyres makes wild vibration,
More mournful far than silence e'er can be.

THE FELON.

A LONDON surgeon was one day engaged

In—what in England is a common thing—

Driving a bargain with a cut-throat caged

(*Id est*, in Newgate) and condemned to swing,

About his body. “Three pound ten!” exclaimed

The gallows-bird, who though a slight, stale, meagre

Chip of humanity’s great block, was eager

To line his purse;—“You ought to be ashamed

To treat a gentleman so ungenteelly!

Come! make it ten bob more, and though ’tis really

Quite a *dead* bargain, you shall have the bacon!”

The surgeon shook his head; but though his head was shaken,

Himself was not. “My friend,” said he, “that’s what

You would yourself call, ‘coming it too neat’:

You’re not worth half the money.” On the spot

A second felon started to his feet.

“I say,” vociferated he, “Old Sawbones!

D’ye see me? Here am I, big-limbed and stout:

What say you? Fork five yellow shiners out,

And you shall chop my bloody head and raw bones!”

“Ay, ay, you are something,” said the surgeon, “truly:

Good limbs, fine lungs—cut off too in your bloom—

A splendid subject for the lecture-room—

Done!” and he counted out the guineas duly.

But oh ! the silly ways in which one's money goes !

Jack very coolly thrust his ill-got gains

Some two feet deep into his breeches-pocket,

Then putting up his thumb before his nose

And looking libraries, cried, " Diddled, blockhead !

My sentence is, that I be hanged in chains !"

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

DEEP thoughts come tolling
Like the bell from a tower,
When the great stars are rolling
Abroad in their power.

Over floating reflection
Sweeping and swelling,
Comes long recollection,
Measuredly knelling,

Of the vanishing fashion
Of beauty and glory ;
Of the folly of passion,
The falsehood of story ;

Of the soul's secret anguish—
Of pride trodden under ;
Of hope left to languish
For ties torn asunder ;

Of the weakness of smiling,
The power of weeping ;
Of phantoms, beguiling
The eyes that are sleeping ;

Of fear and affliction ;
Of palling enjoyment ;
Of endless restriction
To fruitless employment ;

Of the gone and the going ;
Of apathy, stealing
O'er hearts, once a-glowing
With fancy and feeling ;

Of beauty—so glorious—
Predestined to perish ;
Of the spoiler, victorious
O'er all that we cherish ;

Of the fickle, false-hearted,
We trusted so blindly ;
Of the few friends, departed,
Who looked on us kindly ;

Of their coldness and starkness
Beneath the dull finger
Of silence and darkness,
Where the canker-worms linger ;

Of the millions before us,
Gone down to the tomb—
Of the shadowy chorus
That comes from their gloom !

Of the millions unnumbered,
From wombs yet unquickened,
That will wish they had slumbered,
And never awakened ;

Of sullen resistance ;
Of the deaths we die over ;
Still chained to existence
We shun to recover ;

Of doubting and trembling ;
Of fruitless bewailing,
And fruitless dissembling,
Where doubt's unavailing ;

Of secrets abysmal,
Of heaven and of hell,
Of deep things and dismal
Is the toll of the bell.

DEATH.

Who comes, who comes ?
Who rides through the prostrate land,
With pale and haggard band,
Swift as the desert sand ?
 'Tis Death !

Who comes, who comes ?
To sever the closest tie,
To close the brightest eye,
To laugh at the piercing cry ?
 'Tis Death !

Who comes, who comes ?
To tear from the lover's side
The fairest, loveliest bride,
With his ghastly band to ride ?
 'Tis Death !

Who comes, who comes?
At whose sight all nations wail,
Before whom warriors quail,
Health, beauty, valour fail?
. 'Tis Death!

Oh, he comes, he comes !
Through the breadth of the land he has passed,
He nears with his chilling blast,
And we must ride at last
 With Death !

THE GRAVE.

BLEST are the dormant
 In death! They repose
 From bondage and torment,
 From passions and woes, [traitor,
 From the yoke of the world and the snares of the
 The grave, the grave, is the true liberator!

Griefs chase one another
 Around the earth's dome :
 In the arms of the mother
 Alone is our home.
 Woo pleasure, ye triflers! The thoughtful are wiser ;
 The grave, the grave, is their one tranquilliser !

Is the good man unfriended
 On life's ocean-path,
 Where storms have expended
 Their turbulent wrath ?
 Are his labours requited by slander and rancour ?
 The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor!

To gaze on the faces
 Of lost ones anew,—
 To lock in embraces
 The loved and the true,
 Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter ;
 The grave, the grave is the great reuniter !

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The chamber of death,
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalter ;
The grave, the grave is a holy exalter !

SONNETS.



SUMMER.

I.

THE summer, and the noontide, and the sun,
The glorious, glittering sea, whose deep blue space
Rolls its light, laughing billows to the base
Of this green-crested cliff: here stretched alone,
Unseen by any, will I stay for hours.

The warm, fresh air is breathing on my face,
Of long, rich grass, wild heath, and wilder flowers.

Soft, sleepy sounds are in this lonely place;
The sunny hum of bees; the leafy sigh

Of some stray wind among these orchard boughs;
And the grass-hidden brooklet gurgling nigh,

That evermore with dreamy music goes,
Bearing along, in sweet monotony,
Its tiny tribute to the murmuring sea.

II.

'Tis a soft sunset: see, the glowing west
Waves gorgeous in its many-mingled hues;
The fragrant falling of the stilly dews
Makes fresh all objects; and a stirless rest

Broods on the clear, pure air ; no blade of grass,
No ear of rich and ripening corn, is stirred.
The trees stand moveless in a darkening mass ;
The very aspen sleeps ; the last sweet bird
Warbles, at intervals, a bright, short tune,
Its vesper sacrifice to twilight grey ;
The fisher's frequent boat is borne, unheard,
Rippling the glassy bosom of the bay ;—
Lo ! red and round, above the calm lagoon,
With its long, watery trail, the summer moon !

III.

Look o'er the howling desert of the sea !
Beneath the rushing banners of the wind,
In from the waste that darkly frowns behind,
Come, with long march, and foaming broadly free,
The billows, wave on wave, to break at length,
In heart-arousing thunders, on the rock ;
Then back, in feathery foam and baffled strength,
Recoil, hoarse roaring, from the headlong shock :
So, borne upon the blue-clad, ready Franks,
By Beys and Emirs led, in swift assault,
The desert hordes, thro' all their turbaned ranks,
Rolled, crushed, and scattered from their staggered
halt,
While, firm and fearless still, the volleying bands
Saw broken squadrons strewn along the sands.

THE MORNING.

Soon did the portals of the east unclose :

Then all the waterfalls and mountain floods
Shouted with joy, and up the mountains rose

A solemn anthem from the bowing woods,
And, morning's misty curtains rolled away,

The clouds in their superb apparel shone,
As o'er the mountain tops the lord of day

Rose like a gorgeous monarch from his throne,
And shed refulgence on the lake below.

I saw the waves advancing to the shore
In robes of golden light, and there, as though

I heard a distant multitude adore

The Lord of Nature, so did they rejoice,
And joined their hymn to all the universal voice.

I left the mountains for the lowly vale,

And there I saw the ripples on the streams,
As I roamed onward with the gentle gale,

Dancing in gladness with the morning beams ;
I saw the violet raise her dreaming head,

And smile with pleasure on the cheering day ;
I saw the wild rose from her dewy bed

Open her bosom to the smiling ray ;
I heard the skylark's joy—I heard the bee,

Going to toil upon the flowery mead,
Beguile his way with his sweet melody.

And there was gladness—oh ! delight, indeed,
In each thing still—in everything that stirred,
Above, around, in all I felt, and saw, and heard.

THE EVENING.

THE last red sunbeam now is taking wing,
 Though long it lingered with a fond delay,
 And, like some hopeless victim of decay,
I see the feeble daylight languishing
O'er the bright clouds in all their colouring—
 The gorgeous couch on which he faints away,
 Oh, there the smile left by the lord of day
Is beautiful beyond imagining !
Yon star, her taper, dim-eyed evening shows
 To light her advent through the darkening blue ;
And see the noiseless angel of repose
 Comes down to earth, descending with the dew.
As musings when the weary eyelids close,
 So vaguely fades the landscape from the view.

IERNE.

BEAUTY goes forth upon thee with the sun
 From morn till eve, and with the silent moon
 Hovers at midnight: when her starry noon
 Holds jubilee in heaven, the fairies run
 Athwart thy dewy vales from dun to dun
 Among the gleamy lakes; the shamrock springs
 Beneath their pranking footsteps; and the wings
 Of eld, where long ere history begun
 They waved, are floating round thy vestal towers!
 Thy old grey cromlechs looking to the sky,
 Repay oblivion to the conquered hours,
 Numb'ring them with their shadows as they die,
 And many a simple heart has learned, I ween,
 To love, at eve, beneath thy thousand ruins green!

LESSING'S WORDS.

AFTER FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL.

WHEN Doubt itself doth with unfaltering tongue
Forespeak a blessed future ; when blind eyes,
Opening, read signs and marvels in the skies,
Then may the lyre of hope, long left unstrung,
Once more thrill through the souls of old and young ;
Then, truly, may men look to see arise
That glorious day-star of the good and wise
By seers and bards long prophesied and sung.
THE NEW, THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL COMES :
Such bright words burn on one of Lessing's pages,
Scorned of the minds which scorn, truth, faith,
and mystery,
But far more dear to me than all the tomes
Even *he* hath given to fame for after-ages,
Of satire, song, philosophy, and history.

ROME, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

TRANSLATED FROM FERDINAND GHEDINI.

AND thou art Rome ! Mine eyes now look on thee,
 Thon queen of cities ! and though in the shroud
 Of thine own ruin wrapped, yet none more proud
 Or honoured in his flight the sun may see.
 These are the walls before whose majesty
 The trembling world in admiration bowed ;
 These are the ways through which the scornful
 crowd
 Led barbarous kings, their heads bent abjectly ;
 And these, which each step discloses round me hurled
 (Albeit more safe from time than Gothic rage)
 Relies of works whose fame hath filled the world—
 Oh ! midst these ruins who will now engage
 In *flesh*, not bronze or stone, that I may see
 One trace of Curian or Fabrician memory.

NIGHT BRINGS REPOSE TO EVERY- THING SAVE TO THE POET.

TRANSLATED FROM FERDINAND GHEDINI.

Now that heav'n, earth, and winds in silence sleep,
 And beasts and sweet-voiced birds soft slumber
 binds,
 While round the world her star-gemmed ear Night
 winds,
 And on his couch lies spread the waveless Deep ;
 / wake, think, burn, and sigh, for still before me
 She my undoing is, a torture sweet ;
 My heart's a war where wrath and anguish meet,
 It's only peace when thoughts of her come o'er me.
 Thus from the same bright, living fountain flow
 The sweet and bitter streams that feed my heart,
 The same hand heals my wound that flings the dart :
 My martyrdom of love no end can know ;
 A thousand times I die and live again,
 Still ever languishing for health in vain.

ENGLAND.

FORGIVE me, England! if, while yet within
 The imperial isle, supreme o'er earth and sea,
 My spirit often wander far from thee;
 Nor all thy loveliness and grandeur win
 My charmèd fancy, that it not begin
 To picture often other scenes for me,
 And other sights, the wealth of memory,
 To the outward eye long lost in distance thin.
 I love thy glory, England! sudden tears
 Of an unenvying admiration start,
 Not seldom, as thy radiant form appears,
 And the world's stage presents thine honour'd part;
 But Ireland is my birthplace; there youth's years
 Were passed; my home is there, and there my
 heart.

THE RAINBOW.

ANOTHER peal of thunder! 'Tis the last !
 And, like an evil spirit's dying groan,
 Its raving spent, it sinks into a moan.
 Then the death-rattle—and now all is past ;
 But still the mother-cloud weeps free and fast,
 For that her lightning-child so quick hath flown,
 Flashed on the world, and then no longer shone.
 Sooth, wicked brightness ne'er is doomed to last.
 The sun is out ! and quick as thought the bow
 Makes nature a cathedral, while her song
 Pours through the arch of hope its happy vow,
 Grateful that God hath done to death the strong ;
 While mountain, forest, ocean, all below,
 Share in the hymn that swelling rolls along.

DOTAGE.

WHAT smiles be these? what inward mutterings?
Why play these poor pale fingers with the air?
What joy may this old wasted bosom bear,
That thus it breaks forth piteously and sings!
Mayhap, afar in Youth-beloved glen,
 With mother or fond sisters now he strays;
Or haply to himself he mourns, as when
 Of old he loved in long forgotten days,
 That o'er the night-time of his heart do steal,
Like dim stars glimmering through the mist of age.
 Ah, I could sorely weep,—but that I feel
In heaven, at close of life's long pilgrimage,
 This childish mantle, falling, shall reveal
A soul, full-grown to Youth's immortal heritage.

AUTUMNAL ROSES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

WHAT are ye like, sweet flowers, that gaily bloom
 'Neath autumn's blast ; so softly bending
 Your clustered buds, so sweetly lending
 The rude, yet mournful gale, your rich perfume :
 What are ye like, amid decay and gloom,
 A brighter tint of joy and summer blending ?
 Oh ! ye are like young spirits, yet ascending
 The glade of life, unmindful of the doom
 That sighs around them ! When the hand of death
 Shall reach the loved companions of their way,
 And bid each dearest, cherished friend depart ;
 Like you, sweet flowers ! they'll bow beneath the
 breath
 That dims all loveliness, the young, the gay,
 Will change and fade—the desolate of heart !

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

As a fond mother o'er her children bends

In melting love, and clasps one to her breast,—
One at her feet, one on her knee she tends,

Whilst to another's brow her lips are press'd;
And 'mid their sports and murmurs still attends

To every varied fanciful request,—
Whispers to one—to one a glance she sends,

And smiles or chides, in all her love confess'd;
So watches over us the sovereign power

Of Providence; this comforts, that supplies,
Hears all, and doth on all His mercy shower.

And if some grace or favour He denies,
'Tis but to teach the soul her prayers to pour,
Or by denial graciously replies.

ON THE LOSS OF SIGHT.

ALREADY, ere my sun of life descend,
 The shades of night are closing o'er these eyes,
 Lessening the worth of those frail things we prize,
 Which to the world their vain adornments lend.
 My failing sight these shadowy forms offend,
 Eternal objects (I dared once despise,
 Forget, or lightly think of) now arise,
 And round me still in magnitude extend.
 Thus, as in feeble light the diamond's ray
 Gleams out, and brighter doth itself reveal
 Than when exposed to the broad glare of day ;
 So doth my feeble sight teach me to feel
 Supernal things, and the dark shade display
 The brighter glories of the empyreal !

NO !

FROM THE SPANISH OF ARRIAZA.

How often prostrate at your feet I lie,
And turn to you a face bedewed with tears ;
Beg from your lovely lips, to soothe my fears,
A " Yes " which, cruel one ! you still deny.
And when again I think each deep-drawn sigh
Hath moved compassion in your frozen breast,
Oh grief ! instead of " Yes " I hear expressed
A " No," which bids my hope for ever die.
Alas ! if all my plaints be fruitless still,
If still on me your indignation dart,
And you would have me abject still and low,—
Wreak, wreak on me at once your cruel will,
In mercy plunge a deep dagger in my heart,
But give me not again that cruel " No !"

THE PATRIARCHAL TIME.

O WORLD ! thou hoary monster, whose old age
 Is grey in guilt ; how purer and more fair
 The freshness of thine infancy to share !
 The primal records of the holy page
 Tell how, amid thy morn, the Form of God
 Lighted the valleys of our vernal earth—
 A Parent with the children of his birth—
 And smiled the dark to sunshine as he trod !
 Tending their flocks along the quiet hills
 And shadowed waters of their orient clime,
 The men of majesty in early time
 Bore heaven upon their brows. Alas, it chills
 The soul to mark the God-given spirit's course,
 Beam of th' eternal sun dis sever'd from its source !

NATURE AND THE HUMAN SOUL.

How vast the little infinite, where march
 The last far heavens in all-surrounding round—
 Where, on and on, beyond the lowly arch
 Of inner worlds, God's mighty work is crown'd !
 For, still untired, creative energy,
 Scattering new life where only thought can soar,
 Planting his standards through immensity,
 Builds temples still, and beings to adore.
 Yet is one MIND—the pauper peasant's mind—
 Reason's invisible chamber—more sublime
 Than all that scene material, whose array
 Throngs endless space ; more vast and unconfined
 Than aught (save endless space itself, and time—
 Nature's twin lords) *one soul* that stoops to live
 in clay !

THE VISION OF THE DOE.

METHOUGHT I saw upon the green sward laid,
 Where two broad rivers to the ocean wound,
 A milk-white doe with golden antlers crown'd,
 Shunning the hot sun 'neath a laurel's shade.
 Such coy and gentle pride was in her air
 I left all else to track her footsteps light,
 Like the fond miser, who with the delight
 Of seeking treasure sweetens all its care.
 Around her lovely neck a legend strange
 Was wrought with topazes and diamonds bright—
 “ *Let no one touch me : Free for aye to range
 My Caesar's love hath given his favourite.* ”
 With tired yet sateless eyes I gazed till noon,
 When in the stream I fell—and straight the doe was
 gone.

MIDNIGHT.

FROM soundless solitudes of upper air
Soft sinking on our world, oh mystic night !
Unveiler of the visible infinite—
Once more thy slumberous touch bids her repair,
Wearied of life, to die awhile from care.
Give—give me sleep ! her wand the torturer waves,
Unsepulchres the dead of ancient graves,
And multiplies the spectres of despair—
Oh give me sleep ! and to my sleep a dream
Of golden glories from that orient land
By fantasy's soft wings for ever fanned,
Where hope is truth, and all things are that seem.
So shall lost suns arise with lovelier ray,
And outer darkness die in that bright dreamland
day !

FACT AND FANCIE.

MY soul a bird of light in search of beauty !

It rose upon the luminous air, it stood

Above the teeming world, and saw 'twas good,
And very fair ! 'Twas then its blissful duty
To cleave the sunlit clouds, and, diving deep

Within the solemn ocean, there to cull
Lone, hidden glimpses of the beautiful,
That Nature treasures in the eternal sleep
Of hollow-murmuring seas. Again, again,

It sprang aloft, hovered o'er antique woods,
The wordless voice of moonlight solitudes
My spirit heard in breathlessness ! . . . And then,
Fluttering it sank near THEE, and deeper blest,
" Sea, sky—farewell !" it sighed, " be *this* mine home
of rest ! "

EVENING.

How calm ! how silent ! vale, and heath-clad steep,
This quiet parsonage, and yon gray church-tower,
Bathed in the glorious hues of sunset, sleep.
Sweet fragrance breathed from herb, and shrub, and
flower,

Fills all the air. Round every mountain-head
Gather mists, radiant with the hues of even,
Each over each, in beauteous folds outspread,
Fit canopy for visitants from heaven.
And not of earth, the radiance that now streams
Along the lonely glen and mountain hoary :
Not wholly from this world, the landscape's glory,
From brighter skies escape some transient gleams,
And angel forms and angel voices come
To bear us tidings of our heavenly home.

ON A NAMELESS TOMB.

No word declares who rests beneath this tomb,
 No record guards his history and his fame :
 Oblivion shrouds them in impervious gloom,
 And night's thick shadow gathers o'er his name.
 Vainly we ask, did none lament his fate ?
 Did no kind eye bestow a pitying tear ?
 He sleeps as sound as though, in pompous state,
 Myriads of weeping followers laid him here.
 He sleeps as sound as though his name and story
 Had been engraven by the hand of glory.

I stood beside thy grave, dear friend, and thought
 On all our happy intercourse of yore :
 When we together strayed by ocean's shore,
 Or climbed at morn the hill-top—hours now fraught
 With innocent gladness, such as springs from youth
 Ere the cold world and the world's ways had taught
 Its selfish wisdom, in the place of truth,
 Of warm devotedness, and love unbought.
 And standing there, I felt how sweet 'twould be
 Were we to meet, and in some happier clime
 From mutability and sorrow free,
 Renew the friendship, which in spite of time,
 Of cares and distance, still preserved its faith
 Unchanging and unchangeable till death.

LEVITY.

WHAT is this trusted hope ? a peopled void,
A dream of amnesty to slumbering crime,
A grasp at nothing—to souls more sublime,
An everlasting future unenjoyed.
And yet such wretches be, who, still employed
Following this phantasy, contrive to climb
From dust to dust, across the bridge of time,
Building each morn what the last eve destroyed.
I argue what *will be* from what *hath been* ;
And thus my soul skims o'er the face of thought,
An ocean bird, touching the deep sea green,
Then swept aloft, as if by instinct taught
To shun the shadows and the monstrous scene
O'er which so smooth a veil must needs be wrought.

JUDGMENT.

Of deep misfortune the effect is slow.

We weep, perhaps, and wring our hands, and cry
In agony ; nay, even in the strained eye
May gleam the glare of madness—be it so.

'Tis sore—but it is not that weight of woe,
That overwhelming sense of misery,

Which, when the flash has quivered, and gone by,
Comes thundering heavily up behind the blow.

We're struck, and are confounded—we demand
What hath befall'n—we question fate aloud.

We stare, and see not ; till at Heaven's command
Rolls forth the deep-toned language of the cloud ;
And the most senseless then must understand
The certainty of God's deep wrath avowed.

SONGS.



THE CONJUROR.

If you'll tell me the reason why Lucy de Vere,
 Thinks no more of her silks, or her satins;
 If you'll tell me the reason why, cloudy or clear,
 She goes both to vespers and matins :
 Then I think I can tell why young Harry de Vaux,
 Who once cared for nought but his wine, has
 Been seen—like a saint—for a fortnight or so,
 In a niche, at St. Thomas Aquinas' !

If you'll tell me the reason, Sir Rowland will ride
 As though he'd a witch on his crupper,
 Whenever he hopes to join Rosalie's side,
 Or is going to meet her at supper :
 Then I think I can tell how it is that his groom,
 With a horse that is better and faster, [room,
 Though the coaches make way, and the people make
 Can never keep up with his master !

If you'll tell me the reason why Isabel's eyes
 Sparkle brighter than Isabel's rubies ;
 If you'll tell me the reason why Isabel's sighs
 Turn sensible men into boobies : [night,
 Then I think I can tell—when she promised last
 To waltz, and my eye turn'd to thank hers,
 Why it was that my heart felt so wondrously light,
 Though I hadn't a sous at my banker's !

If you'll tell me the reason a maiden *must* sigh,
 When she looks at a star, or a planet;
If you'll tell me the reason she flings her book by,
 When you know she has scarcely begun it :
If her cheek has grown pale, and if dim is her eye,
 And her breathing both fevered and faint is,
Then I think it *exceedingly* likely that I
 Can tell what that maiden's complaint is !

THE NORTH PIRATE AND HIS MISTRESS.

SHE.

OUR galley, how madly she darts on her way !
Her bows and her bulwarks are streaming with spray ;
Her lofty yards buckle, and bends the tall mast ;
O save me, my love, from the strength of the blast !

O save me, my dearest ! not such is the breeze,
That scarcely awakens a curl on the seas,
When rich with the perfumes of Araby's sky,
The noon's fiery pinions float languidly by.

I love the light breezes that blow from that strand,
They tell of the sweets of my own native land ;
But my heart sinks within me, I shrink when comes
 forth
The keen bitter voice of the boisterous north.

HE.

Nay, tremble not, loved one, for steady, though
 strong,
Is the breeze that I hail, as it bears us along,
Its voice, as it sweeps o'er the moonlight-lit sea,
Is more dear than the gales of Arabia to me.

The air that hangs heavy and landing at noon,
In passionate gusts may awaken too soon ;
And the sail that scarce swells to its breathing at
 morn,
May at eve, by its fury, be shattered and torn.

I love the proud tones of the shadowy north
When it takes o'er the billows its mighty march
 forth ;
I bow to its presence, fit veil for the forms
Of the spirits that dwell in my island of storms.

THE LASS'S BEST TOCHER.

SOME folk they will threep that siller is a'

We need through this life and the tuike o't;
That wedlock without it is naething ava,

But a cruise that wants the uilze o't:
But gie me a lass that's conthie and leal,
And ane, abune a', that loes me weel,
And your Miss wi' a tocher may gae to the deil,
Or them that care mair for the spuilze o't.

Though gear be a' gude, there's mony mae things

Ane never suld meen to a sairing o't,
The joy and content an eident wife brings
Are no to be had for the wairing o't.

A sark to your back will your rich dame sew,
Or bake you a bannock to cram your mou,
Or darn your hose, or milk your cow?

Sie wark, gude faith, she'll be spairing o't.

It's no that a woman suld drudge a' her life,

But a birr now and then at the spinning o't,
Is a thing that sits aye unco weel on a wife,

And it lichtens a house wi' the dinning o't.
When a ehield maks up to a quean wi' a pose,
Can he look for my lady to feed on brose?
And sic *may* be her kitchen afore life's close,
Whate'er may hae been the beginning o't.

THE WAYS OF CUPID.

YOUNG Susan was a likely lass ;
 I knew her well and long ;
 A modest girl and good she was,
 Or else my guess was wrong.
 I went and came, I came and went,
 As rivers ebb and flow :
 Whene'er I came I felt content,
 Nor less when forced to go.

Anon, without my choice or voice,
 Things took another turn ;
 The Coming bade my heart rejoice,
 The Going made it mourn :
 I had no hope, no home, no goal,
 Save Sue, and Sue alone,
 My mind and thoughts, my heart and soul
 Were hers, and not mine own.

Then deaf I grew, and dumb and dull,
 I saw nor bloom nor flower,
 For nought was bright or beautiful
 Unless in Susan's bower ;
 Sun, stars, or moon, by night or noon,
 I could not find or mind—
 I only gazed on Sue, and soon
 I gazed my peepers blind.

When lo ! a different season came,
And I was changed anew.
Though Susan still remained the same,
As fair, as good, as true,
I went and came, I came and went
As rivers ebb and flow,
But always came with less content,
And went, well pleased to go.

Ye sages grave, you understand
Why many a youth and miss
Join heart and hand in Wedlock's band,
And woo, and coo, and kiss :
Ye thinkers, then, ye learned men,
I pray you tell me free,
The How and Where, the Why and When
Things went so odd with me.

I've thought myself both morn and night,
Both night and morn I've thought ;
I've thought, and sought, and prayed for light,
But I've discovered nought ;
So Love, you mind, is like the wind—
You feel it while it blows—
But whence it comes you cannot find,
Nor follow where it goes.

THE WANDERER'S CHANT.

Now bubbles and glisters
 The last cup of wine.
 Adieu, beloved sisters
 And brothers of mine,
 My boyhood's green valleys,
 My father's grey halls !
 Where Liberty rallies
 My destiny calls.

The sun never stands,
 Never slackens his motion ;
 He travels all lands
 Till he sinks in the ocean ;
 The stars cannot rest ;
 The wild winds have no pillow,
 And the shore from its breast
 Ever flings the blue billow.

So Man in the harness
 Of Fortune must roam,
 And far in the Farness
 Look out for his home.
 Unresting and errant,
 West, East, South and North,
 The liker his parent,
 The weariless Earth !

Though he hears not the words of
The language he loves,
He kens the blithe birds of
His Fatherland's groves :
Old voices are singing
From river and rill,
And flowrets are springing
To welcome him still.

And Beauty's dear tresses
Are lovely to view,
And Friendship still blesses
The soul of the True ;
And Love, too, so garlands
The wanderer's dome
That the farthest of far lands
To him is a home.

THE DIAMOND WILL BE TRUMPS AGAIN.

[Written by, no matter who—and sung, no matter where—for the anniversary of King Edward the Best, who was heir of Alfred the Great and Good.]

THERE was a time, when 'twas no crime
 To give the grateful thought its sway,
 When none need shrink who wished to drink
 The deeds of many a glorious day.
 But Foreign pow'r in evil hour,
 O'er that has cast her galling chain ;
 Yet bide a wee, and you will see
 How the diamond will be trumps again.

The night is dark, no friendly spark
 Is glimm'ring through its cheerless gloom,
 Nor moon nor star beams forth from far,
 The path of danger to illume.
 Yet still the ray of kindling day
 Once more will brighten hill and plain
 So bide a wee, and you will see
 How the diamond will be trumps again.

Behold, before the billows' roar,
 Yon shatter'd bark is borne away ;
 The furious gale has rent each sail,
 The yawning surges claim their prey.

Yet there's a Pow'r in that dread hour,
Will still the tempest, calm the main ;
Then bide a wee, and you will see
How the diamond will be trumps again.

Thick flew the balls round Derry walls,
Defended by the ruthless foe ;
And famine pale bade stout hearts quail,
And death in ev'ry form of woe.
Yet still she clung to hope, and flung
Defiance in, but hop'd in vain ;
Still, bide a wee and you will see
How the diamond will be trumps again.

Then, away with care and dark despair !
Each thought of grief and suffering sore,
We'll put to flight this festive night,
That celebrates the days of yore.
The glorious day is on its way,
The brightest in our country's reign ;
The day of glee to the bold and free,
When the diamond shall be trumps again.

THE HIGHLANDER'S MARY.

O SAY na ye maun gang awa,
 O say na ye maun leave me ;
 For ah, the hour that parts us twa,
 O' peace and hope will rieve me !

When ye to unco wheres are gane,
 How could I thole to tarry,
 Where ilka tree, and ilka stane
 Wad mind me o' my Mary ?

I could na gang nearhand yon wuds
 That saw us aft caressin',
 And on our heads let fa' their buds,
 In airnest o' their blessin'.

Ilk stane wad mind me how we prest
 Its spreadin' coat o' heather,
 And how we loed the least aye best
 That garr'd us creep thegither.

I canna stay when ye are gane,
 My ain, my winsome dearie ;
 I downa stay to pine my lane,—
 I leeve but when I'm near ye.

Then, Mary, dinna gang awa,
 O say na ye maun leave me,
 For ah, the hours that pairts us twa
 O' life itsel will rieve me !

THE ITALIAN'S CHARGER.

ON ! on ! my bold steed, with the footsteps of wrath,
The foes of my fathers lie thick in my path !
On ! on ! my bold Arab, thy fellows are round :
Now, praise to the Sevoys ! how bravely we bound !

Hark to that sound ! “ Bugaboo-bugaboo ! ”
'Tis the Celt ashouting his wild halloo ;
Rising and falling as onward they come,
To the clash of the cymbal and boom of the drum.

Ring round me, my comrades, your sabres are bright,
And dear to my eyes is their glorious light ;
Oh ! grasp them yet closer, and heed that each blow
Fall truly and deep in the heart of the foe !

How proudly ye gallop, brave troops that ye are !
My brothers in peace, my companions in war !
The Soldan might envy the hearts that I own,
Though his armies, like locusts, environed his throne.

Though the jewels gleam bright in his coffers of gold ;
Though his kingdoms be broad, and his soldiers be
bold—

The field's *my* empire,—*my* sceptre the sword,
The chieftain am I of Italia's horde !

Ha ! charge ! we are on them—spare, spare them not
now !

The Angel of Death sets his seal on their brow !
Strike boldly ! each man is an army alone,—
THE LORD HE IS WITH US ! the day is our own !

BLARNEY.

SHALL I sing to you now of sweet blarney,
More famous by far than Killarney—

Whose wonderful stone,
'Tis very well known,
The high-road to kissing will *larn* ye?

How lofty its ivy-grown turrets!
How far-spread and famed are its merits!

And oh, what a heap,
In its own feudal keep,
Of grain might be made into *spirits*!

Its lord is the sainted John Jeffryes,*
Well-known for his spirited efforts

In draining his land,
And raising a band—
Of bulls and most beautiful heifers!

With the pile is connected a legend
Of Cromwell, the round-headed regent,

Who batter'd its walls,
And ruin'd its halls,
And left it, as now, at the siege end.

* Saint John Jeffryes, Esq., (pronounced by the peasantry, *Jeffurs*,) the lord of the soil, farms his own estate, which is in the highest state of cultivation.

Another queer story they tell us
Of old Lady Jeffryes the jealous,
 Who danced by the hour,*
 On yonder grey tower,
In sight of a host of odd fellows.

But the wonder of all sure the stone is,
Well worth a few lines it alone is—
 One kiss, and your tongue
 With honey is hung;
But *this* secret to very few known is.

Another strange fact for the curious—
Catarrhs it will cure most injurious—
 Just bite a piece off,
 And you banish your cough,
However long settled, or furious.

A third; and a hint for the doctors,
And nostrum-for-toothache concocters,
 Only touch it, your ache
 Will subside in a shake,
And you'll sleep like a child on a rock'd horse.

And here, though 'tis somewhat a pity,
Must end this historical ditty,
 Which, greatly I fear,
 Will scarcely appear
Either clever, or funny, or witty.

* It is said of a maternal ancestor of the present proprietor, a woman of masculine spirit, that she has more than once stood and turned round upon a very lofty projection of the tower, to the terror of those who beheld her.

THE OLD STORY.

On ! what than want of heart is worse ?
 I'll tell thee a far heavier curse,—
 A heart brimful, without a purse
 To keep *two* human creatures.

The history of the poor man's life
 Is short—he loves—would have a wife—
 Can't marry—so whips out a knife,
 And pays *one* debt—'tis nature's.

Or if, more wise, he struggles on,
 And after desperate efforts done,
 Can count that he has fairly won
 A competence for life ;

He finds, alas ! 'tis come too late—
 'Gainst both is out the writ of fate ;
 The toil for him has been too great,
 The sorrow for his wife.

What that his parents bless their child,
 That hers, good souls ! are reconciled,
 (For where dame Fortune once has smiled,
 All families approve) ?

They live and love a year or two,
 Strive to bring sickly children through ;
 Then droop, and die——'twould never do—
 Poor people must not love.

MY JOHNNIE LAD.

WHEN first my dear Johnnie cam' into my sight,
 My heart and my e'en gat a stound o' delight,
 Sae kind were his words and sae comely his favour,
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.
 Nane o' the lave daured to stand by his side,
 His air was sae manly, it dang a' their pride;
 Kings might tak tellin's frae him in behavio'r—
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Down by the bank where the lang willow sproots,
 We twa sat and look'd in the burnie for troots;
 But sma' was the share that they had in the matter,
 We but gazed on ilk other's face in the water.
 I railed at the wind for a fop and a fule,
 When it cam' to put curls on the tap o' the pule;
 For it made my laddie's dear image to waver—
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Around me his arm he softly conveyed,
 Just to see how 'twad look in the water, he said;
 By right I suld maybe hae stoppit and chid him,
 But in troth nae heart had I to forbid him.
 Baulder he grew syne, and rievit a kiss,
 And, nae doubt, to let him was sairly amiss;
 But his breath than new hay was sweeter in flavour,
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

He tauld me to look in the pule at my shade,
And vowed that as it in my absence wad fade,
Sae wad his heart sink when I was na mair near him,
Wi' a kindly blink o' my e'e to cheer him.
A promise I gied, and it's ane I'll no break,
To gang to the kirk some guid day for his sake;
I'll never find ane better wordy the favour,
Sae hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

MAY.

'Mid the heath's purple bells, on the lone mountain
 The brown bee is loudly humming; [side,
 In the deep-wooded vale, where the clear waters glide
 The cuckoo tells Summer is coming.
 The wild flower's bloom
 Flings around rich perfume,
 Grove and glen are with melody ringing:
 While the torrent is seen
 Dashing down the ravine,
 And the lark is "at Heaven's gate singing."

The hawthorn appears in her blossoms of snow,
 The primrose blooms in the deep dell,
 The violet in green moss is nestling below,
 And 'mid the brown fern the harebell;
 Yellow broom and foxglove
 Enliven the grove,
 Where the ivy and woodbine are creeping,
 A dazzling sunbeam
 Sparkles bright on the stream,
 While the rose is in dewy tears weeping.

The notes of the song-birds thrill loudly in glee,
Till the woodlands with joy ring around us ;
Sweet bloom is on meadow, and hedgeway, and tree,
Rejoicing that Summer hath found us.
Wild flowrets rare,
Bees nestling there,
'Mid fresh sweets of the newly-cut hay ;
Sunbeam chasing shadow
O'er mountain and meadow :
All Nature seems joyful in May.

THE GREEN AND THE BLUE.

THOUGH darkness be o'er us, though tempest before us,
 Still fearlessly onward we'll hold our way,
 For the spirit of light and of loyalty's o'er us,
 And darkness to him is the splendour of day.
 Princes of earth may be false or true,
 But he will never be faithless to you,
 Then God bless the Green and the Blue,
 Still in Liberty's garden the shamrock shall wave.

They say they have scattered, dismayed and disarmed us;
 They dream they have won in the trophies of Boyne;
 But the breath of detraction, thank God, never harmed us,
 And millions are thronging, our standard to join.
 We fear not what hirelings, as traitors, can do;
 We know them, we scorn them, we'll conquer them
 too.
 Then God bless the Green and the Blue,
 Still in Liberty's garden the shamrock shall wave.

And if by the will of the God that's above us,
 The darkest of Politics triumph once more,
 He grants it the power but to try, and to prove us,
 He'll bless the true cause, as he blessed it before.
 We'll renew those bright days, when our banners so
 true,
 O'er valour and loyalty cheerily flew,
 Crying, God bless the Green and the Blue,
 Still in Liberty's garden the shamrock shall wave.

SAW YE NE'ER A LANEY LASSIE.

Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,
The sun of joy wauld ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?

Saw ye ne'er a weary wife,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass?

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither state,
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.

Ilka ane it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
Seek them out like bonnie berries,
Though among the thorns they lie.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

THEY met, the mother and the child,
 To take a fond farewell ;
 The agony, the transport wild,
 Their sad foreboding tell.
 She to her lonely home has past,
 His path is on the main ;
 Their first farewell has been their last—
 They may not meet again !

The thrush may fearless build her nest
 That mother's cot beside,
 The wind must lull that boy to rest
 Far on the ocean tide.
 But though around his weary head
 Its rage is pour'd in vain,
 Though brand and ball have harmless sped—
 They may not meet again !

Oh ! deep the memory of the past
 Within his bosom burn'd,
 When to his native home at last
 The wanderer had return'd.
 But a passing bell has struck his ear,
 He saw a funeral train ;
 His mother's voice he could not hear—
 They never met again !

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.

Bx norlan' knowes and by lawlan' howes,
 Atween the Mull and John-o'-Groat's,
 There wons a race, unkent to disgrace,
 My bauld, my leal, and my kindly Scots.
 They are the men that ance and again
 For country and king hae bled in the van ;
 Gie them a plea, and fair let it be,
 Then turn the blue bonnets wha can, wha can.

Wha on the earth, o'er its hale braid girth,
 But kens that the Scot is gallant and brave ?
 Gie him fair play, and gang where he may,
 He will speel ere lang abune a' the lave.
 Ne'er did he stint, or ance look ahint,
 In his onward way for the face o' man ;
 Let him but brace his thewes for the race,
 Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

In peace or in war, at hame or afar,
 It's a' the same to the manly Scot ;
 He plays his part wi' a dauntless heart,
 And fights till he wins or dies on the spot.
 Mony may strive, but few will thrive,
 That cross him where fame's the prize to be wan ;
 Show him a cause, and his sword he draws,
 Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

AWAY, Whigs, away! away, Whigs, away !
 You're such a set of selfish knaves
 You'll do no good to stay.

Our country must to ruin soon
 By your vile tricks be brought,
 Lost is her charter's ancient boon
 For which our grandsires fought.

Your Queen you as a puppet treat,
 A mask to hide your shame ;
 Our England's walls, her gallant fleet,
 You've frittered to a name.

Our laws, in better days of old,
 Above all power revered,
 Are spurned by traitors base and bold
 By your collusions cheered.

Then Whigs, away ! brave Britons rise,
 And guard, ere all be gone,
 The land your sires were wont to prize,
 Her altars, and her throne.

Then away, Whigs, away ! away, Whigs, away !
 You're such a set of selfish knaves
 You'll do no good to stay.

THE MODERN THERMOPYLÆ.

WITHIN the narrow pass,
 The warriors stood arrayed
 Around Leonidas,
 Foredoomed, yet undismayed.

They fought as fight the brave,
 They fell as became the free,
 And found a glorious grave
 In new Thermopylæ.

Oh blessed are the dead
 Who die for their native land;
 And let no tears be shed
 To mourn that valiant band.

Yes ! glorious was their doom,
 Their fame shall never die ;
 Nor rust deface the tomb
 Where the British heroes lie.

Children shall lisp each name
 Revered for evermore :
 And grey-haired sires exclaim
 Thus fought the men of yore.

SONG OF A SLAVE.

AND can ye say that liberty
 Hath made this clime her home ?
 And can ye boast yourselves as free
 As the wild ocean-foam ?

And dare ye hope such empty words
 Will wipe away the brand
 That slavery's cursed finger stamps
 So deeply on your land ?

Ye basest, meanest, of mankind,
 Tyrants in heart and soul,
 How dare ye chain your fellow-men,
 Yet spurn at all control ?

Pretend ye worship liberty,
 Yet hold a tyrant's rod,
 And mock with such hypocrisy
 A just and angry God ?

Think ye that vengeance comes not here ?
 Shall ye unpunished go ?
 No ; by each groan, and sigh, and tear,
 Your tyranny made flow.

Yet shall ye bend beneath the yoke,
 Yet serve a conquering foe,
 And vainly-penitent confess,
 'Twas justice aimed the blow.

THE GRAVE OF TWO SISTERS.

Oh, ever thus, the soonest fly
 The lovely from the earth—
 Too chill a clime, too bleak a sky
 For flowers of heavenly birth.
 And beautiful were ye, and pure
 As dreams of sainted nun,
 Twin fountains in a rocky cave,
 Unkissed by the sun.

Sisters in more than name, ye grew
 A fond and lovely pair—
 And not a hope or dream had one,
 The other did not share.
 Nor are ye severed in the grave,
 Ye slumber side by side—
 One in your lives, one in your death—
 Oh, none can now divide !

Oh, woe that beauty ! woe that truth
 None from the spoiler save—
 That virtue, loveliness and youth
 Must moulder in the grave ;
 That all we love, and all we cherish,
 Are withering day by day,
 And not a flower that will not perish,
 No star but wears away.

Yes, bitter were our earthly doom,
 Were friends to meet no more,
And did no ray of hope illumine
 The darkness of death's shore—
Were there no pure and blissful home
 Beyond the starry sky,
Where God himself shall wipe the tears
 For ever from each eye.

WHERE A SISTER STOOD.

WHEN moonlight falls on wave and wimple,
 And silvers every circling dimple,
 That onward, onward sails.
 When fragrant hawthorns wild and simple
 Lend perfume to the gales,
 And the pale moon in Heaven abiding,
 O'er midnight mists and mountains riding,
 Shines on the river smoothly gliding
 Through quiet dales.

I wander there in solitude,
 Charmed by the chiming music rude
 Of streams that fret and flow,
 For by that eddying stream *she* stood,
 On such a night I trow ;
 For *her* the thorn its breath was lending,
 On this same tide *her* eye was bending,
 And with its voice *her* voice was blending
 Long, long ago.

Wild stream ! I walk by thee once more,
 I see thy hawthorns dim and hoar,
 I hear thy waters moan.
 And night-winds sigh from shore to shore,
 With hushed and hollow tone ;

But breezes on their light way winging,
And all thy waters heedless singing,
No more to me are gladness bringing—
My sister's gone.

Years after years, their swift way keeping,
Like sere leaves down thy current sweeping,
Are lost for aye, and sped—
And Death the wintry soil is heaping
As fast as flowers are shed.
And she who wandered by my side,
And breathed enchantment o'er thy tide,
That makes thee still my friend and guide—
My sister's dead.

COME, FOLLOW ME.

THE light breeze heaves, where the gay green leaves
 With a fairy twinkling stir,
 The merle's high throat pours a summer note
 From the tallest silver fir ;
 And far, and free, the fields rejoice
 In the bright, bright noon of day,
 And every greenwood hath a voice
 That bids thee come away.

Thro' sun and shade, fresh bower, bright glade
 And bank of tufted flowers,
 Where bluebells gleam, in the glancing beam
 From the noon of sunny hours—
 Come fleet, and fast, and tarry not
 While the summer moments flee—
 To the wildwood—to the well-known spot
 Come follow—follow me.

A SNOWDROP.

Oh, fair delusion ! may I deem
 So delicate a thing,
Some passing smile within her dream,
 That stirs the sleeping spring.

So pale upon its stem, so thin,
 So unsubstantial, trembling—
Some fancy of the earth within,
 Some beautiful dissembling !

Oh, let me listen ! surely near
 Are faintest echoes falling,
For through the Heavens the World doth hear
 The distant Summer calling.

If I be sleeping where I go,
 Or waking, as doth seem,
Or if the world doth sleep, I know,
 It is most like a dream.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

HARK ! through the midnight lonely

How tolls the convent bell !

But, ah ! no summer-breeze awakes the sound.

The beating of the heavy hammer only

Is author of the melancholy knell

That startles the dull ear for miles around.

How such a bell resembles

The drooping poet's heart !

Thereon must misery's hammer drearily jar,

Ere the deep melody that shrinks and trembles

Within its dædal chambers can impart

Its tale unto the listless world afar.

And woe is me ! too often

Hath such a bell alone,

At such an hour, with such disastrous tongue,

Power to disarm the heart's despair, and soften

Its chords to music ; even as now its tone

Inspires me with the lay I thus have sung.

THE NAIAD.

SHE comes to bless me like a dream,
As, with an arrow's flight,
I see her gliding down the stream
Of melted chrysolite.

Her glittering hair of wavy gold
Is bound with lilies pale,
And, wreathed in many a sunny fold,
Floats round her like a veil.

Her large and tender eyes of blue
Glance upwards, filled with love ;
Their sapphire beams come flashing through
The crystal wave above.

Blended with molten pearl, the rose
Has spread its crimson blush,
And on her dazzling cheek it glows
In all its warmest flush.

TO THE LARK.

SKY-BIRD ! that from thy dewy seat
 Soar'st high, the orient sun to greet,
 On gladsome wing,
 Pouring thy carols wildly sweet—
 Upmount and sing.

Not oft, blithe bird ! I view thee rise,
 Warbling delighted in the skies,
 At dawn of day—
 Oh, soar and sing before mine eyes !
 Earth wants thy lay.

Not oft I tread the dewy fields
 When morn her fragrant incense yields,
 And breathes delight ;
 While the young sun the herbage gilds,
 All diamond bright.

Ah ! kindling thoughts so banish sleep
 From mine, when midnight slumbers steep
 The careless breast,
 That but in morning's watch I reap
 The boon of rest.

And nature's moonlit page to me
 Dearer than morn's is wont to be—
 More calmly fair ;
 And thus I lose the matin glee
 Of earth and air.

Yet sometimes with the early sun
I rest not till his day's begun ;
And then mine ear
Hails every song—but thine, the one,
Sweet lark ! most dear.

Yes, minstrel bird ! to thee belong
The wild sublimities of song ;
And, oh ! mine eyes
And ears pursue thy flight among
The beaming skies.

WHEN I MET HER THEN I LOVED HER.

I MET her in the summer time
 When buds burst forth in living green,
 When early blossoms peering forth
 In all the glade were seen;—
 When sunbeams, struggling, trembled through
 The beechen boughs above me,
 I saw them not—I only saw
 A smile that said : “ Do love me.”

I met her when the neighbouring walks
 Thrill'd to the melody of birds,
 Less sweet than that which since I heard
 Full mingled with *her* words.
She saw the rippling rivulet,
 The meads before, or trees above me,
I saw them not—I only saw
 The smile which said : “ Do love me.”

What hour of happiness was that
 When too responsive to a glance
 My heart went off quite “ pit-a-pat”
 In Love's intoxicating dance !
 No more for me can other smiles
 Dazzle a view which now can suffer
 To watch, unmoved, love's wicked wiles—
 And see but her—to love her.







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